



THE ALCOHOLIC SYNDROME



by Win Worley

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ISBN 1-930275-07-2

WRW, PO BOX 9309, Highland, IN 46322

Cover Illustration by Arnold Lamb

WRW Publications Web Page: www.wrwpublications.com

WRW Publications E-Mail: mail@wrwpublications.com

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Editors Note

Dedication

I gratefully and thankfully dedicate this book to my parents, Ruby and Willard Worley. A rich, godly heritage was bequeathed to me by them. As Solomon wrote long ago, "A good name is better than precious ointment." (Ecclesiastes 7:1). Even as a child their honest lives and moral principles were deeply ingrained into me. Theirs has been one of the chief influences to guide me throughout my life.

From them I received the foundations and training which brought me to the Lord. Church attendance was an integral part of our family life.

My parent's lives instilled in me a deep love and admiration for the good and virtuous and a hatred for the vile and evil. For all this I will always

be humbly grateful to my Lord.

To Mom and Dad I owe a debt of gratitude I could never repay. Thanks be to God, because of their influence on my life, they will share in any rewards which my ministry may have produced for the Lord.

Acknowledgements

I am deeply thankful to the Lord for the many folk who have contributed information and testimonies on the defeating of the enemy in their lives. Many friends across the country and overseas have repeatedly urged that the material be put together for the edification of the Body of Christ.

The Hegewisch Baptist Church continues to stand firmly behind their pastor and the ministry of deliverance. Their loving prayer support and encouragement has been invaluable beyond any words I could say. My thanks also to those around me and my wife Virginia who have rendered invaluable service in typing, retyping, proofing and formatting the copy.

Without them the work would have been much slower and more difficult. Truly I am blessed to have such faithful and efficient helpers. Thanks too for you readers who are anxiously seeking the truth. Without you there would be no need to write.

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Preface

This book is compiled from information which came about as a result of a significant break through in deliverance. As with much of the material in the Hosts of Hell series this was first triggered by things uncovered by our workers here in the Hegewisch Baptist Church.

From godly parents I first learned about the dangers of alcohol. In our day the Lord has stripped off the covers to let us see the demonic network of the alcoholic syndrome and how it operates. The critical role of sins of the fathers and breaking its power was a giant step forward.

We quickly learned that the same pattern of circumstances, curses and weaknesses was identical in the drug addict. As a matter of fact everything that works to set the alcoholic free will also loose the bonds on drug addiction or any other heavy addiction.

Thank God for deliverance which is able to set the captives free. We pray that the book will help many to be loosed from the chains of addiction. If you or someone you love is freed it will be worth all of the work and fierce battles with the enemy which attended its preparation and printing.

What the Bible Says About Alcohol

“Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me.”

“When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his

*wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; **but his blood will I require at thine hand.***

“Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.”

*“Again, when a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity and I lay a stumbling block before him, he shall die; because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered; **but HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THY HAND.**”*

“Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul.” (Ezekiel 3:17 21)

Our modern age is proceeding madly on its way. There is a brazen insistence that Bible standards are now outmoded and no longer acceptable. Many will reject the material in this article, but in the light of the above verses I must share these facts. Although many of those who profess Christ try to rationalize and justify their use of alcoholic beverages, it is still WRONG.

It is an error because the scriptures condemn and warn against its use. The question then becomes one of whether or not we will obey God's Word. It is as simple as that. As with other questions, the Bible remains the only infallible authority and all man-made theories, ideas and defenses fall apart when the Word of God speaks with such sharp clarity.

The Wedding at Cana

John 2:1-10

The master of the feast tasted the water which had been made into wine.

He then called the bridegroom to ask why the good wine had been saved until last. Fresh or sweet wine was served on that occasion. Imbibing grape juice which was fermented would have dulled their taste buds, making them less able to distinguish any differences.

Drinking also leads to unseemly behavior. If you ever attended a wedding reception where the liquor was flowing freely you know what a climate it creates. So often obscene talk and crude jokes mar the happiness of the occasion.

The Lord Jesus would NEVER have endorsed the participation in anything which produces boorishness or vulgarity. Such things could even make the groom less sensitive to the needs of his new bride. This sort of shameful carrying on scarcely prepares the bride and groom for entering into holy matrimony.

The Last Supper

Matthew 26:26 29; Mark 14:22 25; Luke 22:15 20

The word wine is NOT found in any of these three accounts:

“He took a cup...the fruit of the vine.” The vine does not produce alcohol, which is a by-product of decay. Therefore this is not a suitable representation of the sinless, pure blood of Jesus Christ. The fresh grape juice would have the purity and color to be a suitable token to remind of his pure blood. Unleavened bread, left over from the Feast of the Passover, represented His sinless body.

“Ye know you were not redeemed with corruptible things...but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.” (I Peter 1:18,19)

“But (Jesus) was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”

(Hebrews 4:16)

Paul's Words to Timothy

I Timothy 5:23

“Drink no longer water but use a little wine for your stomach's sake.”

Timothy had been trained by a godly mother and his grandmother. Paul advised him to use the fruit of the grape vine as a therapeutic aid for his digestion. There are 637 references to drink and drinking in scripture, both commendations and warnings. Thirteen different Greek and Hebrew words are translated wine.

Three Hebrew words for wine are used 214 times:

1. **Yain** (140 times) to squeeze or press; a general term for fruit beverages

2. **Tirosh** (32 times) associated with wheat, corn, oil, flocks, blessings; refers to something to be gathered or eaten; the fruit of the vine, fresh or preserved is always commended.

3. **Shekar** (42 times) any drink from sources other than grapes; connected with woes, sorrow, warnings; always condemned, prohibited and warned against.

The Greek word **oinos** is used for both **yain** (general) and **tirosh** (vine fruit) but not **shekar**.

Some ancient writers (Aristotle, Cata, Herodotos, Josephus, Plutarch, Xenophon, Pliny, Horace) mention at least five ways of preserving unfermented fruit and fruit juices. Cold, heat, boiling, straining and chemical (sulphur) are all mentioned as being in use.

Also they spoke of wines which did NOT “make the head heavy.” This indicates that the use of unfermented drinks was quite common and widespread. These were designated as “**the best wines**.” Such drinks were counted to be of great value in making hearts glad and faces to shine.

Fermentation by Leaven

No offering made with leaven (yeast) was acceptable for sacrifice (**Leviticus 2:11; Exodus 34:25**)

All leaven was purged out of houses during the week before the Feast of the Passover. (**Exodus 12:15,20; 13:6,7**)

Leaven is used to typify evil and sin throughout the scriptures. Until the distillation of wine about 1500 A.D., the word wine **always**

designated fruit juices. These juices were called new or sweet when preserved.

Fermented juices were referred to as strong or old. Sometimes the context will indicate which meaning was intended. Some of the key references to beverages and drinking are listed below:

Responsibility of Believers

Even small amounts of alcohol affect the nervous system and the brain, changing the personality.

“If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.” (I Corinthians 3:17)

“For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them ...What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit?” (I Corinthians 6:19)

Heavy Drinking

“And (Noah)...planted a vineyard. And he drank of the WINE and was DRUNKEN; and he was uncovered within his tent. (Genesis 9:21-22)

“Come, let us make our father (Lot) drink WINE, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our father.”

“And they (Lot’s daughters) made their father drink WINE that night and the firstborn went in, and lay with her father; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.”

“...let us make him drink WINE this night also and go thou in and lie with him; that we may preserve seed of our father”

“And they made their father drink WINE that night also; and the younger arose and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.” (Genesis 19:20-25)

Alcohol created a situation so that incest was committed. This set in motion a terrible judgement on illegitimacy which cursed and

destroyed thousands of the descendants of Moab and Ammon. The curse of the bastard runs for ten generations or four hundred years!

“A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord, even to his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord.” (Deuteronomy 23:2)

*“And Abigail came to Nabal; and behold he held a feast in his house, like the feast of a king; and Nabal’s heart was merry within him, for he was **VERY DRUNKEN**. Wherefore she told him nothing...until the morning light.*

*“But it came to pass in the morning, when the **WINE** was gone out of Nabal, and his wife had told him these things, that his heart died within him, and he became as a stone.*

“And it came to pass about ten days after, that the Lord smote Nabal, that he died.” (I Samuel 25:36-38)

“And Nadab and Abihu the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon and offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded them not.

“And there went out fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.” (Leviticus 10:1,2)

Presumably these men were drunk when they made this offering. God was deeply offended and struck suddenly and finally with very harsh judgement.

*“And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink **WINE** nor **STRONG DRINK**, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die. It shall be a statute forever through out your generations.*

“And that ye may put difference between unclean and clean;

“And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.” (Leviticus 10:8-11)

The death penalty was decreed for those who drank and attempted to serve for the Lord. God thus classifies drinking as an unholy and unclean practice which will disqualify one from teaching the Word of God.

*“Belshazzar the king made a great feastand drank **WINE** before the thousand.*

“Belshazzar, while he tasted the WINE, commanded to bring the....vessels....(from) the temple....in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines might drink therein.

“They drank WINE, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone.

“In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.”
(Daniel 5:1,2,4,30)

Those in *political authority* who come under the influence of alcohol can and do make very foolish decisions which bring down the wrath of God upon the nation and upon themselves personally. Belshazzar's kingdom was overthrown that very night and he himself was slain by the invading army.

“And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord.

*“He shall separate himself from WINE and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of WINE, or vinegar of **STRONG DRINK**, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried.”*
(Numbers 6:1-3)

Those under the Nazarite vow to be separated unto God were specifically barred from any alcoholic drinks. Certainly those who desire separation to the Lord's work should also abstain from these.
(Jeremiah 35:2-8, 11-16)

The Rechabites refused the wine which was offered because of a good command by an ancestor. Note that God honored them. Israel was rebuked because they had disobeyed direct commands which were given to Aaron to be taught to all of the people.

*“And the Lord spake unto Aaron saying, Do not drink **WINE** nor **STRONG DRINK**, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die. **It shall be a statute forever through out your generations.***

*“And that ye may put a difference between the holy and unholy, and between the unclean and clean.” **(Leviticus 10:8-10)***

*“Ye have not eaten bread, neither have ye drunk **WINE** or **STRONG DRINK**; that ye might know that I am the Lord your God.”*

(Deuteronomy 29:6)

God spoke through Moses to remind His people that during the forty years in the wilderness He had adequately met their every need. In all this time there was never any need for strong drink at all. Here again consumption of alcohol is pointed out as an unclean and unholy thing. A very definite connection is shown here between the abstinence from alcohol and knowing the Lord.

Commands against Drinking

Alcohol is actually a habit forming depressant drug. It causes a great loss of judgement; misfortune; ailments; bad physical health; foolish talk and quarreling. Fighting comes as a result of the loss of self control and the use of bad judgement.

“Thine eyes shall behold strange women and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

“Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

“They have stricken me...and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not; When shall I awake: I will seek it yet again.”

(Proverbs 23:33,34,35)

Drink leads to uncontrolled impulses and the making of foolish and unwise statements. Alcohol has a numbing effect and confuses decision making, impairing both mental and physical vision. It is highly addictive and enslaving:

“I will seek it yet again.”

*“But they have also erred through **WINE**, and through **STRONG DRINK** are out of the way; The priest and prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of **WINE**, they err in vision, they stumble in judgement.”*

*“For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.” **(Isaiah 23:35; 28:7,8)***

Error and backsliding are the end products of imbibing alcohol. The prophet and priest cannot receive proper vision or make correct judgments when they are snared by strong drink. Alcohol is very evil for everyone but is especially disastrous for leaders.

Sickness and vomiting result from the stomach refusal to retain undigested food. This disgusting result of drinking is seen in front of bars, in hotels and various kinds of public waiting rooms.

*“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow **STRONG DRINK**; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!*

*“And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe and wine are in their feasts; but they **REGARD NOT** the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands.*

*“Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they **HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE** and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst.” (Isaiah 5:11-13)*

Craving for drink causes the loss of self control, self respect, and a sense of responsibility. It leads to captivity and an ignorance of God’s will and way.

“My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge....

“They sinned against Me, therefore I will change their glory into shame.

*“For they shall eat and not have enough; they shall commit whoredom, and shall not have increase; because they have **LEFT OFF** to take heed to the Lord.” (Hosea 4:6,7,10)*

“And they consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness...

“They make the king glad with their wickedness...

*“They are all adulterers...In the day of our king the princes have made him sick with bottles of **WINE**; he stretched out his hand with scorners.” (Hosea 7:2-5)*

Continued, habitual drinking impairs normal functions of the stomach, kidneys, liver, blood vessels and corpuscles. It is associated with God hating and scorners of God’s Word.

Personal Commands and the Reasons for Them

Instructions to the mother of Samson:

*“Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not **WINE** nor **STRONG DRINK**, and eat not any unclean thing.*

“For lo, thou shalt conceive and bear a son and no razor shall come on his head; for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb....” (Judges 13:4, 5)

Alcohol definitely adversely affects the unborn child and is forbidden along with any other unclean things. Alcohol, drugs and tobacco are some of the worst things a mother can take into her body while carrying a baby. The physical and spiritual effects can be devastating to the fetus.

“Thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

“And thou shalt have joy and gladness and many shall rejoice at his birth.

*“For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither **WINE** nor **STRONG DRINK**; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother’s womb.” (Luke 1:13-15)*

*“It is not for kings...to drink **WINE**, nor for princes **STRONG DRINK**;*

“Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.

*“Give **STRONG DRINK** unto him that is ready to perish, and **WINE** unto those that be of heavy hearts.*

“Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

*“Open thy mouth for the **DUMB** in the cause of all such as are appointed to **DESTRUCTION**.” (Proverbs 31:4-8)*

Leaders are not to drink, for those who do will be destroyed. Drink is to be offered to those who are stupid and dull and have been appointed to destruction. This is certainly not an endorsement of drinking, but is a comment on the mental vacancy of those who are hooked on alcohol.

“Neither shall any priest drink WINE, when they enter into the inner court.” (Ezekiel 44:21)

More on Fermented Drinks

*“WINE is a mocker, **STRONG DRINK** is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.” (Proverbs 20:1)*

Five evil spirits in alcohol are identified in this one verse and are listed in the order that they enter. First Wine Drinking comes in and opens the door for Mockery; next comes Strong Drink who brings in Rage; Deception enters and makes way for Stupidity.

Wine Drinking, Mockery, Strong Drink, Rage, Deception and Stupidity will **always** be found in one cursed by the alcoholic syndrome. These are basic spirits and will also be accompanied by other demons who have more specialized tasks to do.

*“Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy **BOTTLE** to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!*

“Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou also and let thy foreskin be uncovered; the cup of the Lord’s right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory.” (Habakkuk 2:15,16)

*“Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived, **DRUNKARDS**...shall not inherit the kingdom of God.*

“And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.” (I Corinthians 6:10,11)

*“Now the works of the flesh are manifest which are these....**DRUNKENNESS**....” (Galatians 5:21)*

Effects of Drinking

*“Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of **WINE**, because of the new **WINE**; for it is cut off from your mouth.” (Joel 1:5)*

Stupor, melancholy and sadness come into a person as a result of drinking.

*“And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for **WINE**, that they might drink” (Joel 3:3)*

Alcohol releases sexual inhibitions and impulses, impairing judgment and destroying ideals.

*“Eating and drinking **WINE**” (Job 1:13,18)*

*“The **DRUNKARD** and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness...with rags.” (Proverbs 23:21)*

There is handicapped ability to judge which interferes with saving oneself from harm. The drinker neglects business, becomes inefficient and loses his job.

“Take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people.” (Isaiah 57:14)

“Take heed lest this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.” (I Corinthians 8:9)

The Dangers of Alcoholism

Once I got nowhere praying for a gentleman at Hegewisch who was troubled with a great many migraine headaches. The Lord reminded me that when I was in my teens someone told me that wine ate the brain cells. The thought came that this might be the problem because the man had been an alcoholic.

I came against those spirits. From the concordance I read the scriptures which mentioned drunkenness, drinking wine, etc. He began to cough and heave very violently as the demons poured out. He received a very massive deliverance.

Scripture mentions a new, an old, a best and a worst wine. In the Greek New Testament one word is used to translate all of these; therefore usage identifies what kind is meant. The early Romans were heavy wine drinkers. Primitive people associated wine with magic, the gods and sacred rites. In some places it is still part of sacred religious rites.

Wine results from the fermentation of grapes. In the 1860's Louis Pasteur discovered there were yeasts in the air which settled on the grapes. There are fermenting agents in these yeasts which remain on the skin of the fruit until it is pressed.

Yeast is a fungus; a growing, living thing. It is similar to a mushroom or toadstool. Unlike a plant, the fungus is parasitic, unable to make its own food. Plants absorb oxygen from the air and minerals from the soil, dissolved in water. They then produce flowers and fruit. Fermentation begins when the juice is pressed from the grapes and the yeast converts fructose and other natural sugars. Yeast enzymes generate a chemical reaction beginning the conversion of the sugar into alcohol.

Wine is the by-product of fermented grape juice. For beer, cereal grains are converted into starch, then into sugar and fermented. The combining of yeast, sugar and oxygen produces alcohol when the temperature is right.

There are organizations which are attempting to deal with the problems of alcoholism:

AA--Alcoholics Anonymous;

MADD--Mothers Against Drunk Driving;

SADD--Students Against Drunk Driving.

We might add a new one: **EDD**--Exorcise Drunk Demons!

Alcoholism actually could be defined as a drug addiction.

Therefore those who have drug spirits have spirits of Addiction. If you have alcoholic spirits, know that you cannot weep, hope or wish them out of you. They will leave only if you apply spiritual force to cast them out.

When alcohol is drunk, it begins to be absorbed directly into the blood stream through the esophagus walls. Reaching the stomach, it passes through the walls to be pumped directly into the tissues via the blood stream. The speed and the amount of assimilation through intestinal walls depends on how much food is there.

Alcohol causes the sudden death of thousands of victims by perforation of the veins and opening small tissues in the veins of the lungs and the entire body. Alcohol cannot be changed nor assimilated by any tissue in the body, therefore, everywhere it goes it causes disorder and death.

Every vein and artery through which alcohol passes suddenly contracts as if to prevent its passage or choke it as a foe. Because it circulates in the blood, the alcoholic spirits reside in the veins, heart, lungs, tissues and brain centers.

When a person is drunk, unexplainable personality changes occur. There are states of exhilaration; a loss of social restraint; excessive talking; rapid mood changes; uncontrolled emotions; slurred speech; unsteady walking; and disturbed sensory perception. Those who are "under the influence" also have impaired sight and hearing and a loss of the ability to make discriminations and sound judgments.

All of the above are symptoms, not only of drunkenness, but of demonic activity. Praying with someone in deliverance often produces some of these same symptoms as manifestations. According to Encyclopedia Britannica, these effects are not produced by the direct action of alcohol on the muscles and senses but by its operation on the brain and neural centers which control the rest of the body.

In ancient times juice was boiled until it was thick to prevent grapes from fermenting. Then it was sealed and stored in crocks like a jam. Later it could be taken out and eaten or mixed with water for

grape juice. Boiling the juice prevents the conversion to alcohol and kills the yeast fungi.

An ancient Roman writer said grape juice boiled to about a third of its bulk produced the best flavor. This was called “**sapa**,” which was the best wine.

The ancient Greek medical writers spoke of wine for the stomach. This referred to a grape juice prepared as a thick, unfermented syrup. It was widely dispensed and used as a medication for weak and dyspeptic persons.

In **I Timothy 5:23** Paul told Timothy to use a little wine for the stomach’s sake, for his frequent infirmities. (*Based on Tape #1137 by Dennis Hauter*)

A Hopeless Alcoholic

Man, 35 Years Old

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.” (Proverbs 20:1)

I share the following information to the praise and honor of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is only by His power and revelation that I have obtained the degree of freedom I have from alcoholic bondage.

Glory to His name alone for the victories which have been and shall yet be won in my life and in the lives of others who will read this.

In 1977 I was saved and shortly after that plunged into deliverance ministry. The Lord prompted me to give up alcohol and I had no problem in quitting. I was very thrilled and excited about all the freedom God was giving to me.

Much later I was to learn that wicked spirits were not really that concerned about my not drinking. They were already deeply rooted inside, well hidden and busily working. Their work did not cease, but only submerged and went into hiding.

After a time of growth and feeding on deliverance tapes I moved my family across the country in order to join the Hegewisch Baptist Church in Indiana. We were determined to pursue the truth even further, receiving and learning to minister deliverance to others. I went forward for prayer about the drinking for I was sure I had opened myself for many spirits in my career of pursuing the bottle.

During the years I worked in many nightclubs as a rock musician I was a heavy and steady drinker. Workers attacked such spirits as Addiction, Craving, Desire to Drink, Drinking and Alcohol. I felt I was free from the alcohol, but as yet I did not realize that there was much more to alcoholism than simply drinking liquor.

I continued to receive more prayer for other areas, yet there were still problems which refused to budge. In spite of much prayer, fasting and application of the Word to my life, the root of these problems kept eluding me.

Years later, after my wife had earnestly sought the Lord about why the desired liberty was only partial in some areas, He said, "Alcoholic patterns." After she shared this with me, I began to look into the matter.

I found a very helpful book, *Getting Them Sober* by Toby Rice Drew. There I learned that, although I had drunk no liquor for over nine years, I was still an alcoholic!

Although I had been "dry" for years, I still was thinking, handling my finances and other responsibilities, driving and treating my family just as a heavy drinker would. Blackouts, forgetfulness, cloudy thinking were also a part of the picture. The patterns of drinking were all there; I had just substituted soda pop and tea with ice and a straw for the liquor.

The desperate need of the alcoholic is deliverance from evil spirits. They cannot be counselled out and Alcoholics Anonymous or other therapies cannot remove, but only suppress the root causes of the problem. They must be cast out in Jesus' name for lasting help.

A huge problem for me was to actually admit that I was still an alcoholic, but doing this was a necessary step before I could obtain further help. It was very difficult, for the man denies the problem and his wife is afraid of facing him with the truth.

The spirit of Denial exercises a lot of power over his will, making it hard to accept and face the reality. He teams up with Mothering spirits which some women enjoy thoroughly. They often fantasize a better relationship through cooperation with these deceptive spirits.

Only if he is in severe pain will the victim actually admit that he really has a problem. He refuses to face reality and responsibility because each contact with these paralyzes him with fear. The Lord permitted a series of very painful circumstances to come my way. These broke me and forced me to accept the truth about myself and what I was doing to my wife and children.

The alcoholic syndrome is composed of a group of destructive spirits who work slowly, much like a deadly cancer. There is a gradual eating away of the life of the victim's entire family, exacting a maximum torment from all concerned. They are all oriented toward infestation of the innocent spouse and offspring as much as possible.

When one quits the liquor he soon develops a craving for sugar. This is a bondage which reveals the presence of demonic forces. This is because alcohol breaks down in the blood stream the same way simple sugars do. Spirits of addiction still crave the "high" from alcohol and can get this same sugar jolt from processed refined sugar. There is truth in the old adage, "Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker."

Other spirits found linked with alcohol are those causing Hypoglycemia, Hyperglycemia, and Beer Belly. In certain people even some weight loss has been noted following deliverance from such spirits.

"Woe unto them that rise early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night until wine inflame them. But they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the work of His hands." (Isaiah 5:11)

Alcohol makes one drop the God given protective hedge around his mind and will. This will open the conscience to be seared and

also pave the way for loose and immoral behavior because of inflamed passions.

There will be spirits such as: Fornication, Adultery, Incest and all kinds of lust spirits which bring personal gratification at the expense of other people.

Incest is a very common failing of those hooked on liquor and this brings on terrible problems for all the generations which follow. **(Genesis 19:30-38)** Involvement in many of these areas produces three and four generation curses from God. Remember that this is 120 to 160 years! These must be broken and lifted off in the name of Jesus Christ.

There will be curses of Adultery, Incest, Death **(Isaiah 28:18)**, Heaven as Brass **(Joel 1:5)**, Dependency, Poverty and many others. The sins of the ancestors need to be confessed and curses, whoredoms and iniquities broken off and lifted from the victims in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ (See Sins of the Fathers, Booklet #24).

Typically, the alcoholic is insecure emotionally, rejected, shameful, selfish and possesses many of the attributes of a small child. Often he is rebuked with the question, "Why don't you grow up?"

Wicked spirits intensify the problem when he begins to seek a wife. He looks for someone to rescue him and to be there to lean on in times of trouble. This creates more problems in the home when the wife needs him or becomes fearful about a situation and seeks to rely on him.

Demons force an acting out of the mother and son relationship. This might indicate that drinking has its roots in Baal worship. In it Semiramis married her own son, Tammuz and assumed the title, Queen of Heaven.

Under the pressures of responsibility an alcoholic may run away, pout, give the silent treatment or go into fits of rage. This is all calculated to get his own way or to force his wife into the position of being a mommy just so he can feel secure again. His comfort is the main focus of attention.

Once my wife was trying to share with me a need she had. For no reason at all I exploded into a fit of ferocious anger and slammed my fist through the window, severing seven tendons. I would react violently and go out of control in response to any kind of pressure.

It also happened when I had to face the fear of failure as a father. This was totally irrational. There are many Hatred spirits who promote this sort of thing: Hatred of Self, Hatred of Women, Hatred of Children, Hatred of Insecurity, and all kinds of fears.

Jealousy is described as the rage of a man in **Proverbs 6:34**. It will surface any time the focus of attention is taken away from the alcoholic and put upon someone else. Many will repeatedly verbally abuse their family to the point of destroying them emotionally. This eventually affects them physically as well.

Many a spouse has ended up crippled with illnesses after living with an alcoholic for years. This in turn provokes anger in the alcoholic as he is forced to assume responsibility.

These barrages of verbal abuse open the door for spirits of Insanity, Guilt, Worthlessness, Low Self Esteem, Shame, Hatred of Self, Blame, Fear. They constantly work to destroy the self image of the spouse and children. This leads to a deep insecurity and often finally causes sicknesses or insanity.

My father had the typical patterns of alcoholism and I grew up amid storms of criticism and verbal abuse. The alcoholic carries spirits of Projection and Control which transfer to his descendants. It was through these that my father set me up to take my first drink.

Another powerful spirit which put up quite a few battles before being cast out was called Alcoholic Walls. The workers commanded the walls to tumble down and the spirits to leave. These had walled up my heart, causing me to be hard and cruel with my family. It made it very difficult to show love, especially to my son.

Hosea 4:11 says that whoredom and wine take away the heart. Areas of the heart and soul can be fragmented and taken away and they need restoration. (**Psalms 23:3**) The Hebrew word used for heart in Hosea means broken, hard, stiff, stout, double hearted and includes the will and intellect (*Strongs Concordance #3820*).

Still another debilitating alcoholic pattern is never to allow the wife to have joy in anything; especially in things such as cooking, sewing, having children or in anything else having to do with the works of her hands. Many times these are things she does to show her love to her husband, only to have him sneer and reject them. This tells her that her love and actions are worthless.

The spirits which come into the wife as a result include: Rejection, Drawn Looking, Depression, Sickness, Exhaustion, Guilt, Overweight, Self Hatred, Loneliness, Gynecological Illnesses, Mental Confusion, Hopelessness, Shame, Anger, Fears and Suicide.

The man will then react with even more denials, cruelty, hardness, pride, and arrogance. When he realizes what he is doing it causes him to feel more guilty. Hating himself, he is filled with shame and self pity and can become suicidal. Often he rushes off to get another drink to drown sorrows.

Remember too that it is not necessary to drink to have these terrible patterns. They are usually inherited and begin to work and shape life and personality before the drinking commences. In my own case I was conceived in drunkenness, which opened me up to a whole host of spirits and gave much legal ground for the enemy to occupy in my life.

Alcohol was readily available to me even as a child. It was always in our home. I began to drink in order to win the approval of my father whom I idolized and who was my pattern. Later on I found that it would bolster my self confidence and deaden my feelings of rejection.

My dad was prideful, brash and loud. He believed he knew everything and could do everything. Now I understand that his attitudes and actions were merely coverups for his own inferiorities, insecurity and rejection. These were caused by these same alcoholic patterns which were in his own father. Then he passed them on to me!

Family line curses are able to keep these patterns alive for generations. Asking the Lord to reveal the specific reasons why someone drinks will help to pinpoint the names of the spirits. Usually there are demons buried here who must be exposed and cast out.

Those who are enslaved by the bottle believe they have all the time in the world. They are masters of the art of making families feel guilty and insecure. The wife and children will become as addicted to the drinker as he is to booze. He is convinced that their lives can only revolve around him and his needs.

Infuriated by this conduct, his wife will react by punishing him with anger or not speak to him at all. He will then walk around with a hangdog look and may cry a little. Now willing to beg for forgiveness, he promises that he will never do it again. Next he will seek for peace at any price just to stop the fight. However, after this he will promptly blackout or forget the entire episode.

He can repeat the same pattern the next day with a performance that will make you feel as if you are beating a baby. I know because I have been there. Thank God, I can also tell you that there is a way out because of the many deliverances I have received in this area. Whom the Son sets free is free indeed!

The wife is often set up by the enemy to marry an alcoholic because of her inherited spirits of The Rescuer. When she meets this man with an overwhelming need, she feels compelled to attempt to meet his need. Without deliverance from this spirit, divorce will get her ready to marry another alcoholic.

This spirit also is operating in children. For example, if the dad is absent from the family much of the time, the child who is capable of handling responsibility will always be rescuing his brothers and sisters. This person will continue this pattern on into adulthood, always on the job rescuing siblings and his mom from any hurt which may come to them.

Because he is always interfering, he will not allow them to live their own lives. This can cause much friction and resentment. Such an abnormal dependence will be created that the person can never live a life apart from the guidance and help of big brother or big sister.

The spirits in the man team up with the ones in the wife to create a battle plan to fight for control. In every case it seems that the

demonic control of the man's mind is such that he is incapable of thinking straight, if he can think at all.

In my case there were times when I was not capable of having any thought life at all. My wife reacted, feeling rejected because I did not want to talk. This brought deep hurts to her and shame, guilt and feelings of worthlessness in me.

I always wondered why it was so hard to talk to the woman with whom I had chosen to share my life. There were times when my mind was in a blank state (*drunk without drinking, a demon named Dry Drunk*).

I would be totally unaware that wicked spirits were seeking to manipulate or control my family through me; to drive them to the verge of insanity. Control was employed to bring them into hopeless despair and make them feel insecure, guilty and fearful.

Religious spirits also love to jump onto the bandwagon and can bring about even more serious complications. I needed to get rid of many of these, such as Good Works, Legalism and others who would not allow me to hear the Lord's voice.

False Submission demanded that my wife do everything I told her. From this demonic entity also came the idea that she was to take all of my abuse. She needed to bind the wicked spirits operating in me until they could be cast out.

Oftentimes my wife was really the sober one, gingerly cautioning me on some major decisions. My vicious religious spirits would tell me that I was the man in the family. I should tell her that she did not know what she was talking about and to submit and be quiet!

I had completely overlooked even the possibility that husband and wife could work together as a team. Although the final decision rests upon the man, input from the wife can be invaluable.

One must be the head, for in nature any two headed creature is a freak. God has ordained the man to be the head, even though this runs contrary to modern philosophy, teaching and practice.

“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

“For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church...

“Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be unto their own husbands in everything.” (Ephesians 5:22-24)

These same spirits would tell my wife not to remind me of anything because I was the head and would think of it sooner or later. Most of the time I did not think of it later. My mind was so bound that I thought on the level of a child.

Until deliverance came in these areas I could not reason with any maturity. Alcohol opens the way for spirits of Arrested Development to enter in many levels, physically, mentally and emotionally.

The wife in this situation must be constantly on guard to protect herself. She cannot trust her husband, for at any moment the demons could lure her into an emotional trap. I would work hard trying to gain my spouse's love and respect. I would seek to meet her needs and minister to her. But just as soon as she would drop her guard my demons would manifest and lash out at her. I felt I was taking one step forward and three back. The enemy knew just where to strike with action or verbal assault to devastate her and fill her with despair.

The alcoholic demands thrift in his wife although he buys any toy he wants. He also carries a poverty mentality and believes that he is a failure and deserves nothing of lasting value. He has a self centered system so strong that he feels sorry for no one but himself.

When his wife resists his abuse he sees this as being abandoned and betrayed. In retaliation he becomes even harder and more demanding. Even before I knew about the pattern I prayed fervently that I might grow up and become a mature man of God. Also I wanted to be able to stop hurting the people around me. I felt I was always causing grief to others and was convinced that everything was my fault.

Alcoholic patterns do affect the whole family. Each one feels he should be taken care of and none can take care of another. Each is resentful and angry that someone is leaning on them. Both the spouse and the drinker often resort to continuous threatenings. He often is a very charming person because of many seductive spirits operating in him.

One caught in the snare of drink will despise authority. He tends to lose interest in his job quite easily. Sluggishness, Laziness and Slothfulness cause him to be fired repeatedly. This forces the wife either to go to work or on welfare to meet the family's needs. I was fired from a good job two years ago for these very reasons. With a liquor addict for a boss many demons were at work between us.

Thank God there need be no repetition of this since deliverance came. God asked the drunkard, "Has this been in your days or in the day of your fathers?" (**Joel 1:2**) This demonstrates that the patterns of enslavement do travel and you need not drink to have them. They easily pass to three and four generations, 120 to 160 years. When someone else in the bloodline picks it up, another dreadful four generation cycle is set in motion.

Some would like to ignore these patterns of the alcoholic and hope they will go away. Such is not the case. Curses are progressive and only worsen if not dealt with biblically. Demons often gloat about their ultimate goal of pushing their victims into either insanity or suicide. Preferably this is accomplished slowly and painfully. This is in order for the wicked spirits to have time to relish and enjoy their captive's sufferings and agonies.

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm and the caterpillar and the palmerworm, my great army which I have sent among you." (**Joel 2:25**)

Demons are like palmer worms and other destructive, devouring creatures. Here too God again promises to restore the years eaten away by the destroyers. This will not take place overnight nor as the result of a few prayer sessions. Even following deliverance, those victimized by alcohol must begin and continue the process of maturation in the Lord.

This can only come about with time, although the Lord can speed this up for those who are committed to cooperation. In my own case, my mind was quite numbed. Even after much prayer for restoration and healing, in some areas I still lacked the capability to reason efficiently and maturely. At one point in deliverance, the workers discerned and called out of me the individual elements making up the chemical composition of alcohol. They commanded them to leave my bloodstream. When this happened I felt as if the Lord cleansed and purged my body. This was to give me a fresh new life. I distinctly remember I could breathe so much easier and deeper.

Another spirit they discovered was Deep Sleep. He anesthetized my mind and paved the way for Passivity. I would be in this state even when awake. It was then impossible to perceive the many needs of my family or to function at full capacity. At these times my mind would be totally blank of any thought life (**Isaiah 29:10**).

In Joel 1 the Lord commanded the drunkard to wake up. I began to do the same thing when I caught myself drifting off. Each day I practiced commanding my mind to wake up. This produced a very distinct change! Thank God for freedom from demonic anesthesia of the mind!

I was impressed of the Lord to begin fasting on a regular basis, and I also began to memorize and meditate on the Bible. Bathing my mind with the Word has produced a steady growth mentally, emotionally and in my will. For years I had cried out fervently for help. It was only after my deliverance from alcoholic spirits began that I had any notable success in fasting or reading my Bible.

I was unable to pray for anyone in my family with much depth without provoking manifestations in myself. Now I can reach out in effective ministry to my own family. My mind is more clear and I am much more alert to spiritual danger, especially on my fasting days.

In turn, this has given my family a new security and enabled them to obtain deliverance in areas which only the love of a father or husband can produce. My heart goes out to families who have lived with an alcoholic. It is a life of hell on earth, impossible to understand

by persons who have never experienced those torments and bondages.

The Lord had me fast at least one day a week. This was to develop my self-discipline, accountability and responsibility. This has made a tremendous difference for me. My self image is improving and daily I am learning more of who I am in Christ.

I am gaining confidence in myself and my ability to make decisions. I now feel respected and loved by my family in a way I never knew before. No longer am I controlled and driven by the cruel shame and self hatred which once kept me in such endless misery.

Like everyone else, I had hoped that my freedom would come faster than it has. However, I have learned to be more relaxed now and to lean on the Lord for my strength and the help I need. By letting Him lead and control my life I have found the deep peace, satisfaction and freedom I sought in vain for so many years.

Certainly these alcoholic demons are the most tenacious and vicious ones with which I have ever done battle. However, if we are determined and persistent, they are no match for the power of Jesus Christ and the Word of God. It took about six months of determined battle by me to begin to turn the tide of battle significantly.

It is amazing now to remember how long it took for me to admit that these patterns did exist. I also had to learn how to recognize them when they were manifesting in me. At times the fight was furious and heated. Then all I could do was to say over and over was, "I bind you in Jesus' name! I bind you in Jesus' name!"

Sometimes I wanted to blow my brains out to stop the pounding torture. The battle raged to regain control of my mind. My poor wife too often felt the same way. Only God's marvelous grace and sustaining strength brought us through.

Some feel that deliverance should not take so long. They forget that the victim of alcohol and his family did not get that way overnight. Many brain cells are killed by alcohol and can never be restored, except by divine intervention.

The renewing of the mind and the maturation of one's emotions does not come instantly. The wife must have time to reestablish trust

and confidence in her spouse and the Lord again. Workers must show much compassion, acceptance, patience and love.

Drinkers are so filled with hurt and despair that any condemnation or rejection can be devastating. Only those who have been caught in the hellish nightmare of a home wrecked by alcohol can understand the horrible pressures inflicted upon the victims.

Another powerful spirit discernment revealed to be cast out was Consolances. When I was feeling deep rejection at times in my life, this spirit would press me. He wanted me to turn to wine, women and song (which brings a curse) to take away the pain of my hurt. After this one was cast out I was able to go to the Lord Jesus and receive my comfort directly from His hand. This brought lasting comfort without guilt or condemnation.

If you run the Bible references about sobriety and temperance it is easy to see that God desires His people to be free from all such bondage. In every family there is tucked away the dreadful legacy of alcohol. It is critical that we learn how to bind up and destroy this strongman and all of his goods to set God's people free.

I have a deep hatred for these evil ones and the torment they cause. When I learned of deliverance I decided it would be me or them. I purposed to pursue my enemies until they were consumed. May this message spread so that people may defeat the enemy everywhere.

Christ the Restorer

WOMAN, 33 Years Old

"And they overcame him by the blood of the lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death."
(Revelation 12:11)

I am writing this to encourage women who have given up on themselves personally; their marriages; their families and even their belief in Christianity. I address those who are utterly frustrated,

confused and hopeless. I want to share what has made me able to sing praises to the Lord Jesus. He dug me out of such a horrible pit and set my feet on a rock.

“He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay and set my feet on a rock and established my goings.” (Psalm 4:2)

Between sophomore and junior years in college, I asked the Lord Jesus to come into my heart to be my personal Saviour. Two years later, following graduation, my husband proposed. Nine months later we were pledged to each other in holy matrimony. Eagerly I read many books on marriage and family life from the Christian point of view. I earnestly desired to know of a much better way of life than I had in my own home. I was convinced that Christ must head any successful family.

We were given wise counsel by the pastor who married us. We followed his advice to make Jesus Christ the center of our new home. After a month of marriage we were both baptized in the Holy Spirit and spoke in new tongues.

God graciously began to unfold truth to us. Shortly thereafter a friend introduced us to biblical deliverance from evil spirits. There was no strong local church to attend. We were able to survive by feeding on the tapes and books pouring out from Hegewisch Baptist Church.

After many long months of searching prayer for guidance, my spouse decided that we should pick up and move our family to Indiana. He was tired of living on books and tapes. Why not move to the church itself? There we could learn more and receive the intensive deliverance we both needed. By this time we were very aware of the many demonic strongholds within.

At Hegewisch we began to get prayer for deliverance or prayed for others in each service. However, in spite of all of this, something was beginning to go wrong. I listened to tapes; read about Christian womanhood; studied my Bible and sought for my deliverance from Jezebel; yet our home continued to be out of scriptural order.

The more I let go of the control and direction of the home, the angrier and more resistant my husband became. I grew increasingly more confused, hurt, angered, resentful and very bitter. I was

constantly plagued by feelings of complete failure. **Proverbs 13:2** says that disappointment and deferred hope makes the heart sick. I certainly was well acquainted with these for they became my constant companions.

What was I doing wrong? Was I really so evil, so bad, that the Lord could not change me into the “ideal” Christian wife and mother? Was it possible that all my spouse’s shortcomings were actually all my fault? Despairingly I concluded that I had failed to be submissive or obedient enough.

All of this inner turmoil opened the way for the entrance of so many religious spirits. These included False Submission, Counterfeit Submission and Worship of Women (idolatry). These had entered from poring over various charismatic books. They told how to make your husband over into a super Christian. All stressed or implied that if a woman does steps A, B, and C, her husband will then be what God wants him to be!

I did not know that this idea was an unscriptural concept based on the worship of Mary. This in turn is firmly rooted in Babylonian religion and the relationship between Nimrod, Tammuz and Semiramis. She was being venerated as the saviour of her son.

These books also advocated the idea that when a woman marries she then becomes the saviour of her husband. All of these are simply clever lies of the New Age Movement, but I knew nothing about this then.

To be a helpmeet is not the same as being a saviour. This deceptive teaching only intensified the striving and driving of evil spirits within me. They told me that I must do everything exactly right so that I could no longer be blamed for not having “a good Christian family.”

Later I learned that this was a deeply rooted pattern in the legacy of all of the children of alcoholics. They are reared in an atmosphere of being blamed and assuming the blame for the drinking problems of the alcoholic.

This creates an exaggerated sense of responsibility; an inability to trust others. There is an overwhelming need to control and a fear of intimacy defying all logical reasoning. I had become a classic

example of one of the personality (demonic) roles adopted by individuals in the family to cope. I was the caretaker or rescuer trying to hold everything together. He strives for perfection by always placing the needs of others ahead of his own.

I cannot remember a time in my life when I was not this way. I now know that I had inherited the sins of my forefathers at birth. These hidden demons had shaped and guided much of my life. This was true even though no one in my immediate family was a drinker. My father was allergic to alcohol and my mom just recently has begun to drink freely at family gatherings, holidays and weddings.

Because drinkers have one personality when drunk and another when sober, their children develop a very keen sensitivity and an ability to read others and react quickly. This gives the alcoholic a good deal of control over members of his family.

He manipulates them like puppets on a string. This means that psychic soul ties need to be broken in Jesus' name. A climate in a home which stays out of control will promote much hypervigilance, chronic fears, anxiety, guardedness and tension becomes a way of life.

We were hit with unplanned crisis after crisis, such as when my husband was laid off from his job. I was being gripped by insecurity and fears. My spouse was unable to communicate any real strength or direction to our family. I was forced to take a position at a local hospital to keep us floating financially.

Shame and embarrassment flooded me as I entered church each week. I was sure that they thought I was a Jezebel who had gone to work. The church people did not feel this way but the demons convinced me. In defense I chose isolation, withdrawing into myself.

I grew more and more distressed and became very lonely. Would God punish me because I was not in the proper attitude of submission? After all, my husband had insisted that I go to work. My prayer life suffered also.

In alcoholic children there is a role reversal. The alcoholic becomes the child and the child a premature adult who exists for the

benefit of the drinker. There is no asking help for fear it will be denied.

Hardness of heart developed between us. I was looking forward to staying home with our second baby. I even took off from my job two weeks before my delivery date. My husband then dropped a real bomb. He had been fired!

God was merciful. After six months of no work and unpaid bills, He gave him his job again. A series of bad decisions involved us heavily in even more financial troubles. Then he was in an auto accident and for which we had no insurance coverage. Past due bills inundated us, and all demanded immediate payment.

My mate made me many promises which he never kept. I was unaware of the alcoholic pattern which denies existence of a problem. In a young child this leads to much confusion and bewilderment. He cannot even trust his own instincts. His conscience is overridden and later the promptings of the Holy

Spirit. The child believes that he, not the alcoholic, is causing the problems.

Insanity spirits attempt to drive the person insane or into a nervous breakdown. Tranquilizer use to calm down just brings more bondage. Not all people will drink themselves to death. Some will do it with capsules and pills. They use sedatives, tranquilizers, hypnotics, narcotics, anti-depressants or amphetamines. Various organs and protective systems in the body collapse or weaken under the barrage of beverage alcohol in the system. Sickness and death results.

Up to this point, in eight years of marriage my husband had complete control over our finances. I had a small amount weekly to get groceries. I agreed to this happily for I had no desire to have the responsibility of managing things.

I had no knowledge of the awful demonic bondage which made him incapable of handling all of these matters. Fears of poverty and running out of money pressured him into a constant mismanagement of all our funds.

One day I looked in his desk and found \$10,000.00 in unpaid bills. I was outraged and felt completely betrayed and deceived. Once again he had lied to me! The walls between us grew and the pain and hurts soared to unbearable heights. I kept delaying my date to return to my position, not really wanting to go back.

Tensions and frustrations kept on mounting up. In June my husband threw a fit of rage and put his fist and arm right through a window. Now we had another \$7,000 in medical bills for which we had no insurance coverage at all!

After going down for the third time, he insisted that I go back to work. I was able to secure a well paying job and this time we agreed to work together to pay off our bills and “owe no man anything.”

Over eight years of disappointments, deferred hopes, shame and failures had done massive damage to our whole relationship. Although financial pressures began to recede, by now I was ready to leave my husband or kick him out. I was so weary and wanted to lean on someone instead of being the constant leaning post. In February, 1985, the Lord began to show us the alcoholic patterns which were working to destroy our marriage. One of my greatest joys is my husband’s testimony. However, God’s restoration power did not stop with him, but extended to our family as well.

Books on alcoholism helped me to see my own major contributions to our pile of problems. I was dogged by guilt, blame, worthlessness and fears. This was made much worse by my obsessive and gnawing need to be loved and wanted. I had deep problems with rejection, self rejection and unforgiveness of self.

My parents did not drink, however I did have an alcoholic maternal grandfather. He was both physically and verbally abusive to his family. My mother grew up saddled with spirits of heavy Rejection, Guilt, Fear and Worthlessness. These and other demons were passed on to me at the time of conception.

As the eldest child I became both the rescuer and care-taker, a sitting duck for the corresponding “needy” alcoholic. This was where it was all tied together and why I had become convinced that

Christianity did not work. Freedom was only a cruel and unattainable dream.

I had been adding continuity to all of the inherited patterns which had been around me all of my life. I had always struggled with feelings of helplessness, anger and hurt. These were suppressed because I learned early that there was no room for my feelings. The alcoholic must come first.

One way the Lord Jesus dealt with me was to show me my own self image. It was of someone to be abused, someone of little worth, a work horse, a cast iron pan. The spirits of physical abuse would cry out for my husband to hit me. Abuse and Emotional Blackmail were always inviting attacks on my emotions.

In deliverance one of these chief demons at the core of this was called the Bad Girl. This one constantly told me I was bad and needed to be punished. (There is also a Bad Boy spirit in males)

The Lord uncovered a big stronghold of Guilt, a very hateful spirit entwined in many areas of our lives. I am still amazed at the dramatic changes in my personality and relationships with God, my husband and children when its power was broken. Many fears are involved, called Guilty Fears.

Guilt was rooted in my faulty belief system that family members, and not the alcoholic, are responsible for problems in the home. It is a spiritual matter, and therefore all secular humanistic corrective methods do nothing but continue to fill our mental hospitals.

Doctors report that at least half of their patients could be dismissed if they were told "You are forgiven," and believed it. Many gynecological problems, stomach and back pains and headaches have been traced back to problems of insanity, guilt and blame in liquor cursed families. These things have been found by other deliverance workers also.

Guilt works with Deception and causes you to believe a lie and accept all of the accusations brought against you. This leads to regret and anger. All unresolved and suppressed guilt creates depression, worthlessness, failure, hopelessness, and a lack of faith in God. I went through this hell myself.

“Beloved if our heart does not condemn us, we have confidence toward God.” (1 John 3:21)

Deliverance set me free so I could have confidence toward God and not have any condemnation. Cast out Condemnation, Guilt and Accusations, then restore the soul in this area. I have found fragments of the guilty souls of others in the minds of folk for whom we have prayed. Also there is Lack of Confidence, Timidity, Shyness, Hiding from Self, Hiding from Others, Hiding from God.

I felt impure, and this caused me to fear trusting in God. Guilt also produced good works in hopes of atoning for the sins for which I was blamed. Those from Roman Catholicism can have special trouble here because of religious spirits. Thus the devil attempts to hide the harmful effects of guilt and its heavy paralysis on spiritual growth and progress of so many believers. I experienced all of this also.

The spirit of Sacrifice torments the alcoholic wife. She has an intense and insatiable need for acceptance, approval and to feel worthy to be loved. These are designed to drive the wife to exhaustion as she tries to be a kind of super wife, mom, lover, Christian, etc.

This paves the way for all kinds of False Hopes, Extreme Frustration and a lot of Unrealistic Expectations. These lead to Pessimism, Disobedience, Hopelessness, Unbelief, Doubt, Defiance and Despair. Self Sacrificing demons will open doors to religious spirits of Martyrdom, Good Works and the counterfeit of godly self denial.

Perfection spirits are rooted in the need to punish yourself and are great time wasters and distractors. These integrate into a victim's personality and appear as “good” motives and/or desires. Guilt will work with Perfection and Fear to steal your joy, love, contentment, calmness and a sense of fulfillment because of failure to attain unrealistic goals.

Guilt and fear of what lies ahead will erode your sense of security. Fears of the Future and Fear about the End Times delayed

my freedom. After being freed there was such a deep peace. A growing trust and faith in God and His Word was freely flowing.

Guilty fears had caused me to punish myself in different ways. At first I would never buy anything for myself. When I had extra money left over from groceries and spending money, I would buy things for the house, friends, children or my spouse.

After some deliverance I would buy a new dress, hang it in the closet for two or three weeks and then return it, fearful that I had wasted the money. I believed I would be punished with financial loss, my husband would be laid off from work, etc. I began to see in every mishap or tragedy that God was punishing me. This is very similar to the false Roman Catholic doctrine of penance.

Not surprisingly we found spirits of Fatigue, Weakness, Tiredness, Escape and No Energy feeding on those roots of Guilt. I was consuming large amounts of coffee and diet pop to fight off sleepiness. Guilt pounded away saying, "You will never amount to anything." Both my spouse and I had been programmed to think this way since our births.

When my mother would fly into a rage, my father was paralyzed by her Witchcraft Control. Consequently I learned early not to depend on him to shield me from verbal or physical attack. I began to hate any male I perceived to be "weak." I was thoroughly convinced that I was not even worth defending.

When a crisis or catastrophe occurred I felt totally helpless to defend myself, and at the mercy of God's cruel wishes. Since childhood I had felt my father left me with no protection. After I was saved I also believed that my Heavenly Father was the same way.

Consequently there were spirits of Independence, Pride, Self Suffering, Self Determination and Control of all types. False Responsibility also entered during childhood and this opened the way for Resentment, Anger and Depression to come in also.

This spilled over into the financial area and when my parents fought about money I took the blame and burden for causing their problems. After I married, every time we had money problems I felt driven to take all the blame and responsibility for making it right.

Discouragement and Stubbornness (Behemoth) surfaced. Doubt and Unbelief concerning God's goodness were discovered hidden in the roots of these. Desertion and Mistrust of God, plus others had moved in to form demonic shields. They assured me that I would never be hurt again. This cycle of destruction was operating through both my husband and me.

The Automatic Failure Mechanisms were firmly fixed in the strongman of Poverty in our situation. Programmed by our parents and others around us, we expected to fail and never amount to anything.

These family line curses had to be broken and confessed. Our parents were victims of the same patterns. When God would bless us we were constantly on guard, fearful of losing the blessings because of failures in the past.

Murder, Abortion and Hatred in the family line will bring in curses of blood guiltiness (**Psalm 51:14**) which must be confessed and broken. To get rid of demonic roots of Unforgiveness Towards Self, Blame and Guilt you must first admit it, repent and clear your conscience of sin. Confess your sin and receive forgiveness (**I John 1:9**).

Private sin should be confessed privately to the Lord. If someone else is involved it may be necessary to go to them privately to ask forgiveness. Only public sins should be handled publicly, lest Satan get mileage out of it. People sometimes are so dazzled by the glamour of the sin that they lose sight of the power of the Lord in forgiveness and grace.

Carefully discern spirits of False Guilt and Torment for matters beyond your control. They may lead to Incrimination, Self Condemnation and Self Accusation. They are cruel and merciless jail keepers. Realize that Jesus paid it all and it is finished (**Colossians 2:13**). What a joy it was when I learned that the Lord does not have the conditional love I had experienced from my parents.

For so long I was trapped by my own unbelief and was victimized by my own emotions, having no love, no joy and no peace. When God broke through to me about His grace in forgiveness He used the story of Hosea and Gomer.

Together their names mean complete (Gomer) salvation (Hosea). Despite her wanton and foolish life, she was brought from the slave market and was told *"Do not call me Master, but husband."* **(Hosea 2:16-20)**

Once I knew God's forgiveness it was easier for me to forgive others. This had always been a problem for me. It had been in my head but not my heart for eleven years.

After we identified the enemy it became much easier to believe that help was actually possible. In my husband's testimony he explains the mother-child relationship which we once had. My purpose is to relate how spirits which were cast out of me were working with the alcoholic demons to continue our unending misery and bondage.

Even if you live with a drug or liquor addict who has no desire to be free, you can be -- through deliverance. You can have peace rather than Insanity, Madness, Despair. Unforgiveness of Self, Guilt, Fears and Blame are a few of your targets to be destroyed.

We began to cut off alcoholic soul ties between us and anyone else. We severed and bound all of the alcoholic projections that worked between the two of us. Doing this brought good results. I began to recognize the manipulation and control used by alcoholics to get their own way: Denial, Self Pity, Pouting and

Anger. Slowly I began to be able to distinguish between my husband and his demons and conduct myself accordingly.

There are so many things which are different now. The old veil and shadows between my Lord and me is gone. I now hunger to read the Bible and am no longer afraid of criticism. I love others and no longer have to hide from others or myself.

I am becoming kinder and more patient with my children. Communication is freer between my husband and myself. Agape love is breaking up the hardness, bitterness, resentment and deep hurts which so long had ruled and ruined our lives.

God's order is being restored to our home and daily my admiration and love for my spouse grows. I now can trust in his ability to make decisions because both of us have had so much

deliverance and growth. On our ninth anniversary Jesus Christ impressed on my spirit:

“Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.” (II Corinthians 5:17)

Since sins of adultery, lust, incest and pornography are so common in the alcoholic patterns we were not immune. I had gone through some sad times which left me with spirits of Broken Heart, Wounded Spirit, Self Rejection, Sexual Rejection by Self and Husband.

My mate picked up Shame, Guilt, Failure and Self Hatred. Now the walls between us are fallen in ruins; especially those which had separated my husband from his own son. Deliverance stands the test of time and is well worth all the time and effort it takes to get it and to hold it.

I am no longer a grown child of an alcoholic and I am no longer married to an alcoholic. The demons are gone and though I remember the times gone by, it is with relief and thanksgiving. This is a real inner healing.

Remove the demons, pour in God's Word, prayer and a walk with the Lord. Then healing in body, soul and spirit will surely come.

Sins of the Ancestors

WOMAN, 47 Years Old

Although I myself never drank, my father was a full fledged alcoholic. I never did understand all of the connections between alcohol and low blood sugar until after I received deliverance prayer for sins of the fathers; specifically for alcoholism. For sixteen years, I fought hypoglycemia with proper diet, frequent meals, plenty of protein and low carbohydrates. My regimented life was of no avail.

At times I was seized with such strong cravings for sweets I would go on binges. Then I would stuff myself with many sugary

things, soda pop and chocolate until I became nauseated. Now, over a year after deliverance, I seldom eat desserts, soda pop or chocolate and low blood sugar is a thing of the past.

Once while I was going through deliverance I remembered how I had always battled a wiped out feeling on Saturday mornings. We could never go anywhere until after 1:00 p.m. on that day. No matter how carefully I had followed my special diets and had rested, there always was a splitting headache and those utterly wretched Saturday mornings.

It was as if I had been up all night. Before I could indicate I had this kind of a problem, the deliverance worker discerned spirits called The Day After the Night Before and one named Hangover. Through deliverance all my Saturday blues are gone forever!

All my life I had battled periods of horrible depression. Even as a child, I remember going to my room or into the attic to weep for long periods of time. I was filled with sadness and torment. After becoming an adult I continued to go on crying jags, sobbing and feeling so wretched, yet never knowing the reason for it.

The worker discerned and cast out a spirit called Crying in Your Beer. This and other alcoholic demons had introduced Dark Depression through my father's sin. It still runs in the family, for one of my brothers is an alcoholic and the other has low blood sugar.

Alcohol quickly turns to sugar in your body. The demons will either arrange for you to continue in the sins of the father by drinking or will manifest themselves as blood sugar deficiencies and various kinds of related disorders.

Previous prayer against depression, low blood sugar, cravings, white sugar, and others brought no release. However, when alcoholism was dealt with through the sins of the fathers deliverance came!

An Abused Child

WOMAN, 30 Years Old

My real mother was only sixteen when she married my father. Prior to her marriage she had borne another child. Both my mom and dad's families had long histories of alcohol abuse, separations and divorce. She married my father and they had three more children within the next three years.

During this period she was very promiscuous, constantly hanging out at taverns and bars. She even brought men home with her while my father was at work. At the same time she was mentally and physically abusing my brother, sister and me.

When my brother was only six months old, mom flew into a rage at my father and threw the baby to the floor, fracturing his skull. From that day on he became very hyperactive and was severely mentally retarded.

My mother was reported to the public authorities for child abuse. My father then signed over custody of us to them and we were taken away from our parents. I was only four months old and was sick with pneumonia, trench mouth. I had second and third degree urine burns and was suffering from malnutrition. My siblings were in a similar condition.

After this my mother divorced my dad. She then remarried, this time to a Baptist preacher's son. The three sons born in this marriage were then subjected to the same mental and physical brutalization which we had received. Again the welfare department had to intervene and take the children away. My mother filed for a divorce and moved to Mexico. She became a professional prostitute.

I was adopted and both of my adoptive parents had severe problems with alcohol. My sister married and then divorced an alcoholic. My brother is in the Indiana State Home for Children. I married a man who came from a home with divorces on both sides of the family. There are also severe drug and alcohol problems on both sides.

I have had heavy manifestation and deliverance from the area of rejection, including: Rejection from the Womb; Inability to Give and Receive Love Freely; Hatred of Men; Destruction; Alcoholism;

Bitterness; Self Hate; Hatred of Women; Childish Self Will; Child Abuse; Bound Emotions; Conditional Love and many more.

Periodically, I still receive more deliverance as the Lord uncovers new areas of enemy infestation. Praise God! I am no longer under the dominion of the enemy. Because of salvation and deliverance both my husband and I are growing in grace. We can give our children the spiritual help and foundation we failed to get ourselves. From our own experiences we recommend deliverance to everyone.

Alcohol and Adultery

Man, 35 Years Old

I am the first person on my father's side of the family who is not a full fledged alcoholic. I do have all of the problems and spirits common to the problem from inheritance. When I was growing up we attended a Baptist Sunday School and church services. However, I did not even know the difference between the Old and New Testaments. Each Sunday my father would send us off to church and he would stay home.

I always hated to see vacation time come because I knew that it meant a month long drunken binge by my father. This was punctuated by constant arguments between my parents. My dad was always sorry after it was over and would be good until the next vacation or a friend would come along and get him to go on another drunken binge.

I grew up completely unaware of the many evil spirits I had inherited. There was one of Laziness which did not manifest all of the time. I always thought I had saved myself because I had somehow picked up the notion of being saved through good works.

I was not particularly bad as I grew up and was fairly moral. I never even kissed a girl until I was almost 20 and met the girl I would marry.

She was Roman Catholic, so we each visited the other's church. We were engaged for two years and then were wed. Our first child was conceived shortly before we got married. It was not long until my wife began to go to Hegewisch and she was saved shortly thereafter. She did persuade me to go once, but I couldn't wait to get out of there. I did not go back. What a bunch of nuts!

My wife began to pray for my salvation and I began several years of running as hard as I could to stay away from such things. It was then that my alcoholic spirits began to show themselves. (Hidden demons often begin to manifest openly when prayer is aimed at the victim to bring him to the Lord)

Suddenly I began to do the same things my father had always done. I sent the wife and kids to church while I stayed home. I refused to do any work around the house but would knock myself out doing things for my friends. I took what I wanted for myself from the paycheck. The rest I handed to my wife to take care of all the household and other bills.

For the next thirteen years she kept on praying and I kept running away. I was staying out with my friends all of the time because I knew that she did not approve of the things I liked to do. A young girl began to hang around where I worked, because I knew her mother.

My work was very boring and in the evenings during the slow time she would come around to chat and visit. She filled me in about her partying, drinking and doing drugs. I was flattered and felt I was helping her by listening to her and warning her about how bad alcohol and drugs were. She stopped drinking and doing drugs and began going out with me and a friend of mine.

I thought I was pulling her out of the quicksand but did not realize I was in danger myself. Before I knew it I slid right into an adulterous relationship with this young girl. I hated and despised myself for it. Even though I was unsaved I did believe in God and attempted to pray about it. Each time I tried to break off she threatened to go to my wife and tell her, so reluctantly and unhappily I kept on with the sordid affair.

Panicking, I thought the only way to escape was to move away, but I could not convince my wife. Many nights I wept and desperately begged God to get me out of this awful mess. There was no change. Finally I guess the Lord decided I had run far enough and he led my wife to catch me and the girl in the very midst of our sin.

That was a day of unparalleled horror and disgrace for me. I thought of running away or committing suicide! Never had I felt such terrible condemnation, guilt and shame. Any-thing seemed preferable to facing what I had done. However, God would not permit me to do any of this. Instead He led me to the Hegewisch Baptist Church.

That very first night I was born again by receiving Jesus Christ. I went forward for deliverance also but nothing happened at the time. My getting saved and later on getting deliverance made it possible for my marriage to be saved through forgiveness and reconciliation with my wife.

Over the next two years I stumbled and fell many times but I have survived. I am glad to report that I am steadily moving forward more committed to the Lord and His work each day. I have now received much deliverance. Also I have become a warrior and laborer to set others free.

I learned that the Lord does not always give deliverance when you want it but gives it in His own time when He knows you can keep it. I am continuing to receive help and each time I am able to grow just a little bit more.

Praise the Lord Jesus for it all!

A “Natural” Drunk

Woman, 42 Years Old

I was reared in an alcoholic home with both parents snared by the bottle. Because I had been conceived out of wedlock by drunken

parents I got a bad start in life. Once my mother told my sister that one night she and my father ended up in bed after a drunken spree. Nine months later I was born.

From the beginning my life was bound under the strong curses of Illegitimacy, Lust, Drunkenness and Rejection from the Womb. Even as a child I remember torment by Nameless Fears, Insecurity, Confusion and Arrested Development.

All my life I had to deal with heavy responsibilities and pretend to be quite mature. However, deep inside I felt like a very small child and did not know how to handle my emotions.

I came from an old line Irish family who were heavy drinkers and there was always plenty of whiskey and beer in our home. When drinking, my father would go into frantic alcoholic rages, breaking down doors and anything else in his path. Over and over the police had to be called in to restrain him.

I remember the many mornings I would wake up seeing mother with black eyes and with ugly bruises all over her body. This opened me to receive many spirits of Fear, Anxiety and Insecurity.

My parents separated when I was only three, leaving my mother and me very poor. I had relatives who owned a tavern and I often saw mom get so drunk that she would end up in the gutter in front of the place. This was very confusing for a small girl. I felt I had to be the adult to protect and take care of her.

Communication in an alcoholic home is very confused and there is much pretence. There were incessant, endless disagreements about everything. Never a day went by that mom and dad were not involved in drinking, arguing and fighting.

When I entered high school I became an underachiever. I did the bare minimum and drifted aimlessly until graduation. It was during this time my mother decided to take my half brother (a grown man) out of the state mental hospital.

Against all counsel not to do this, she took charge of him. He required medication for his split personality and when he did not get it in our home he became violent. Each day I went to school with my stomach tied in knots, a bundle of nerves. I was thirteen when some girl friends and I first tried some whiskey. They went right off to sleep.

However I kept right on drinking straight whiskey until I simply passed out. Sometimes this is what is referred to as “instant tolerance.”

When I finally came to, people around me were looking very concerned and bathing my head and face with cold towels. I did not know how long I was unconscious but this was the same blackout that full blown alcoholics usually have. I had this one the very first time I tried drinking.

I had another half brother who came in from the Marines and tried to molest me. My grandfather, who was my baby sitter during the summer, always had his booze with him. Eventually he began to expose himself. To this day my mother knows nothing of these episodes for I doubt that she would believe me even if I were to tell her.

Shortly thereafter I became involved with the man who was to become my husband. Studies have shown that the offspring of alcoholics almost always become one and often marry an alcoholic. This is what I did and the marriage only lasted for three years.

My spouse was from a drink cursed family also. I always made excuses for him and would call his employer and lie to cover up when he was too hungover to go to work.

He was a soldier and we were sent to Germany for a year. There our problems only became worse. I came home and stayed with my mother until he was released a year later. He could not hold a job and became involved with another woman.

Our alcoholic personalities created clashes of constant conflict with each other. This is one of the favorite and highly successful tactics of the demons. Fear of Abandonment, Infidelity and Insecurity were big spirits which were running rampant in my life. I found I also had trouble holding a job.

Looking back, I can see all this was rooted in and fed by the alcoholic patterns. Irresponsibility, Fear of Failure and Arrested Development were especially strong. When I secured a job I would quit as soon as they began to depend on me.

I tried to escape from all these problems by entering another relationship with a person who did not drink. When this failed I

returned to the bars. Some mornings I would be so sick that I could scarcely get out of bed.

When I married my present husband we frequented bars constantly. We neglected our two children who were from my previous marriage. Many mornings they had to get up and cook their own breakfasts. The childhood patterns which had so warped my life were all being repeated with deadly accuracy in the lives of my kids.

When I was saved at the age of 32 I asked the Lord to take away my desire to drink, and He did. As I have received more and more deliverance there have been many changes. I am more responsible and can act and feel like an adult. My mind is being restored and I do not react to my problems as I once did, by reaching for a bottle! Thank God!

Pistol Packing Mama

Woman, 40 Years Old

I was the eldest of five children in a very poor family. My father was an alcoholic and an extremely violent man. We lived in a constant state of fear. My mother was a gentle and sensitive woman to whom God had given many talents. She sewed clothes for us and managed a small restaurant in order to provide for us.

When I was about nine my father moved us to the bush country north of Ontario. We had a log cabin and our very closest neighbor was 25 miles away. Our food was whatever we were able to hunt and kill. My father shoved a rifle in my hands when I was nine and taught me how to shoot.

I was a very sensitive child needing the love of my parents. Because I was not getting it I set out to search for love. I ended up getting pregnant at the age of sixteen and experienced my first abortion. When I became pregnant again by the same man my mother decided we should marry.

This marriage produced a girl and a boy, and I was divorced at nineteen. I went from one man to another desperately looking for love. I went through two more divorces, birthed two more children and had three more abortions during this time.

I became involved with some very bad people (the Mafia) and did some terrible things. One day all hell broke loose and my youngest daughter had a tragedy which involved my brother. I was a very hard woman inside and not much affected me; but hurting my baby girl was another thing.

I boiled with bitterness, hatred and a determined to get revenge and vengeance. I became a very tough and dangerous woman. In the back seat of my truck I carried a twelve gauge shot gun and I had a straight razor in my purse. I wanted to hurt and kill people.

One morning I could not sleep because of the hate churning in my heart. Bored, I turned on the TV and turned the dial and came upon 100 Huntley Street. A young pastor named Jean Turpin was testifying that morning. He resembled my brother and his testimony was like his experiences in Montreal and the night clubs.

I could scarcely believe what I was seeing and hearing. Jean Turpin was a co-host with David Mainse and that entire week I found myself getting up to hear more from this young man as he shared what God had done for him.

By the end of the week I was up tight and filled with turmoil. I heard a voice telling me to call in to the program and I began to pace the floor. I looked at the telephone and thought, "Ah, this religion is just for old ladies and squares."

Nevertheless I finally picked up the phone. I told the lady I needed to talk to someone but was not ready to tell my troubles to a stranger over the phone. She told me that they did not go to homes to pray with people.

Another lady came on just as I was about to hang up. She said, "I don't know where you live, but give me your phone number and address. Put the coffee pot on, I'm coming."

That bothered me, to think that some one cared enough to come when I needed help. That was the day I gave my heart and life to

Jesus Christ. In less than a year nine members of my family were also saved. This included my brother and my daughter.

God is so faithful to His Word. Now the Lord is leading me into a ministry to help battered women, children and unwed mothers. He has provided a home for these women which is now being purchased. A team of workers is being formed to staff the ministry.

The Lord has given me a vision that out of this House of Blessings He will raise a mighty army of rescued women. He confirmed it in His Word through **Psalms 68:11,12 (ASV)**.

Women can come in from the streets, prostitutes, battered women, etc. They can then be made over and then return to their communities. There, like the Gadarene, they will minister to others the same help they have received.

The Gay Alcoholic

MAN, 42 Years Old

My grandmother is an alcoholic at this present time. Six of her eight children are also full-fledged alcoholics. Conceived and born out of wedlock, I was the third of four children. My folk lived together faithfully until my mother died from an enlarged heart at the early age of twenty-eight.

Because we were very poor, we could not afford the medical treatment that she needed. When I understood this I grew bitter. I began to hate many people and things. Most of all I despised and hated myself for being born into such a lowly and needy family.

I was only four years old when my mother died. In spite of this I can still vividly remember her casket being in the house for some time. The grown-ups were doing a lot of whispering during that time and I overheard them. They were discussing how young my mom was and were wondering what would happen to her children now.

I was much too young to grasp the significance of death even though my mom lay there in her casket. In the years that followed I

suffered silently and often wept for that loss. I had slowly and hurtfully come to understand more of what this meant. Other children can be very vicious and cruel in verbal attacks on playmates!

We children were then separated. My younger sister and I were shifted from one temporary home to another among our kin. My father was a railroad laborer and his job often took him out of town.

Adults were always commenting on how cute my sister was. I was tall, skinny and very self-conscious; hungry for just any crumb of attention. Reluctantly I despairingly accepted the hurts that most people seemed to unknowingly inflict on me. In defense I walled myself in and locked the door!

As a young boy in a poverty stricken family, I had to share a bed with from one to five other boys. The ages ranged from four to twenty years. It was here I first began to have sexual contacts.

I remember one such ordeal which took place in an open grass field. After this I had a ravenously burning desire for more sex. I was only four years old but the demons were already beginning to assert their control and possession!

We moved away from that small town in the south and came to Indiana. Here my father was able to find a better job. Even after the move, my mind kept returning to that town and that boy and what had happened there.

Soon my dad found another companion. She was very pretty, had four children and was an alcoholic. By this time my dad was drinking heavily. He and my stepmother both continued to drink heavily for many years.

They had frequent fights and cursing and profanity was the household language. My sister and I suffered from the kind of wrath and cruelty which only a very unloving and resentful step-parent can inflict.

During these years my father's mother frequently took my sister and me to church with her. One thing the pastor quoted that stuck with me for years was, **"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"**

My dad often brought no groceries in and seldom purchased clothing for us. I had one pair of shoes which I wore until they had big holes in them. Never did I receive the love and attention I craved from my father.

He loved me then and still does. It is sad that he was never able to show his love nor speak any words of comfort to us. He now tries to show his heart by giving me things. Thanks to teachings at Hegewisch, I now understand him and have been able to freely forgive him.

Back in those lonely days just a hug would have set my aching heart ablaze with gratitude. My father had forsaken me to continue his bondage to alcohol.

By necessity I was forced to become quite adept at stealing and manipulating people just to get food and money. I also learned how to hear my school friends' cruel remarks without reacting to them. They talked about my lack of a mother, my body odor, unkempt hair and clothing.

When I was seventeen I had a physical bout with my father and left home. I soon found that I had to do something to support myself. To survive I began to prostitute my body, as so many young ones do out on the street.

Bodies sell easily on the street and this can be quickly converted into the necessary cash to live. Soon I found myself engaging in prostitution which was destroying me. I ended up with no self-esteem and was filled with much Fear, Guilt and Condemnation. These dreadful evil spirit beings became my constant companions.

One of the most hurtful incidents in my life happened as I was riding with some friends in a car. During a conversation I noticed we were passing the house of one of the men with whom I had a sexual liaison. When I told my friends they all became chillingly silent, conveying their abhorrence of my lifestyle.

I felt so rejected that I silently swore to myself never to talk to anyone again. Never would I again experience the pain and mental anguish I endured on that night. For years I kept that resolve and spoke only when absolutely necessary.

I became an outsider because of my fear of social contact. Becoming a recluse, I drank heavily and became a hard drug user. Although I had sworn never to be like my father, I was following hard in his footsteps.

Living in a fantasy world I escaped the cold vicious world of reality. I had envisioned myself becoming very great and powerful. Often as I walked along, I would see myself as a great king boldly striding through his empire.

My paranoia increased until soon I was afraid of everyone. Whenever I was trapped into a social situation I would panic. Usually I froze up and lacked the courage to flee out of my predicament.

Smoking weed only heightened the paranoid fear. I felt that everyone was monitoring my every move. I was especially careful not to move lest someone notice me! Even when I was home alone fear would rise up and overcome me. Sweat would then bead up on my face. Only the grace of our Lord and Savior kept me from ending my sad and miserable life. I was so very tormented.

Because of the fear of dying, I began to search for eternal life. First, I thought that through knowledge I would be able to find the secret of life and live forever. Failing completely at this, I tried different cults. I became an avid reader, seeking and searching.

Of course, this quest proved to be fruitless and vain. Finally I gave up all hope of ever being or doing anything important. I was resigned to never being able to have eternal life. I felt as if I was nothing, coming from nowhere and going nowhere. At this point I cared nothing about myself or anyone else.

My life became a series of homosexual affairs and live-in arrangements. By the grace of our Lord, one of them was with a choir director at a Baptist church. It was there that I gave my heart to Jesus! I knew nothing about the Lord so I bought a Bible.

Being an alcoholic in all my ways, I purchased the biggest family Bible I could find! Gradually, as I read the Word of God for the first time, I began to see my real problems clearly and how my many sins were actually committed against our Lord. I broke off the ungodly relationship with the choir director.

Unfortunately, I then slid back into the heavy use of alcohol and drugs again. An elderly Christian who had been a junkie before his conversion witnessed to me. He told me about what the Lord had done in his life. The Lord Jesus had given him great victories over his besetting sins and uncontrollable habits. He was completely free from alcohol and drugs.

The old gentleman rekindled a fire in the ebbing embers of my heart. Once again I sought Christ earnestly but this time I had a helper who loved the Lord. Soon I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues. In spite of this, I found I still had many great problems overwhelming me as I tried to walk with the Lord.

I sought God for deliverance and He sent this same gentleman to help me. It was in his home I viewed a video cassette of a mass deliverance service at the Hegewisch Baptist Church conducted by Pastor Worley. After I watched the video he hesitantly asked if I would care to attend a service there. I assured him I definitely would like to go!

I went there and answered the call to come for prayer if help was needed. Soon I found myself receiving prayer. Demons were fleeing out of me before the mighty name of Jesus Christ! At last I was getting some help.

Among those spirits who left were: Deep Sorrow (stemming from the death of my mother); Homosexuality; Lust for Men; Fear of Men; and Hatred of Men; Shame; Guilt, Rejection; Rebellion, Condemnation, Anger and a great host of others.

A Dry Drunk

Man, 30 Years Old

I grew up in a Christian home with loving, caring parents and had no idea how Satan would use alcohol to destroy me. As a youngster

I had emotional and physical problems leading to heavy rejection and an introverted personality. My tendency was to make friends with those who were older. This led to peer group pressures and I began to drink in order to fit in and be accepted.

I drove across the state line just so I could celebrate my eighteenth birthday in a bar. It was very exciting to finally be old enough to drink legally. I had been drinking alcohol since I was sixteen but now it was legal!

After graduation from high school I went out looking for a good job and to find a house. Thus I would realize the American dream. My plans called for me and my high school sweetheart to move to another state so that all our dreams would come true.

Suddenly the girl friend decided that such a commitment was far too much for her and she bowed out. This was a catastrophe I had never considered and it threw me into a deep depression. Never had I felt so completely rejected in my life.

I thought of suicide and jumped into my car. I intended to speed down the highway, crash into some trees and end it all. However, as I neared the trees I hit the brakes and skidded to stop. Although I did not know it then, God had more important things for me. Looking back, it is easy to see that God could never have blessed our wickedly promiscuous life style. Still distraught from my personal problems I plunged into bar hopping with my friends as an escape. Previously I was only a social drinker but now I became a guzzler, trying to cover my pain and hurt.

Like so many, I tried to drown all my sorrows in alcohol only to learn that they were excellent swimmers. But I kept on trying and lived for the weekend drinking bouts. Through it all I still managed to maintain my religious image at church, along with the rest of the hypocritical young people there. I drank with them week nights and then met them in church Sunday morning where my father was the pastor.

I was not finished with my drinking yet and became known as a Disco Drunk. By drinking I would become numb enough to have the courage to dance with female drunks. When my emotions were dulled I would not be hurt and no longer cared if I hurt anyone else.

Liquor became more important to me than my family for it was my personal anesthetic and I leaned heavily on it.

After I received the Lord Jesus as my saviour the problems began to diminish. I found studying my Bible was changing all my attitudes and I became deeply concerned about what God wanted me to do. That for which I was searching was the hope that I found at Hegewisch Baptist Church. It was there I totally dedicated my life to the Lord and began to receive the deliverance from evil spirits. This changed my life completely.

At the church I also met the girl whom I would later marry; everything was great. God was fulfilling my every dream and had given me more than I had expected. Because I had been so wayward and wicked I expected the Lord to give me a wife from the bottom of the barrel. Instead He gave me a very choice helpmeet, for which I am extremely grateful.

Soon after we were married, the evil spirits erupted to destroy what God had purposed. I entered into a wilderness and desert experience which was extremely unpleasant and would last for some time. Both of us were working and I took all of her salary except for a small grocery allowance.

I was a garage sale and flea market addict, wildly buying junk without any discretion. When I learned we were going to have a baby I became very thoroughly frightened. I was more worried about the cost than I was about the baby. We then moved into a building which should have been condemned, just to save money.

During this time the scriptures grew dry and lifeless to me. I could no longer pray effectively, although I continued to be active in deliverance and helped others get free. Spirits persuaded me to protect myself from persons who reached out to help me. The real trouble was unchecked for I was persuaded that I was not a problem myself.

The financial mess got so bad that I gave up trying to work it out. My wife suggested a solution to get us out of our difficulties and I laughingly agreed. I had to keep strict budget standards set up by mutual consent. Our pastor had taught from the pulpit that we

needed to control our finances so I gave it an honest try. Much to my surprise it worked and I really had to swallow a lot of foolish pride.

Two years later we were able to move into a nicer house. Until this time I was so engrossed in my own personal and financial needs that I had been very negligent in meeting the emotional needs of my family. Before our last move my wife was expecting our second child and I was becoming more uneasy about this additional responsibility.

Her patience with me was exhausted and she made a stand against the spirits who were working to destroy our marriage. Either I must get the deliverance I needed to change or she was going to leave me. A difficult pregnancy caused her to be bedridden and so we asked my mother to come and help.

The big change came when I joined my wife in standing against the spirits. The syndrome of spirits had controlled my mind and fought bitterly to maintain their hold. Victory came only by standing against these powerful spirits in deliverance and also at home.

As long as I was half hearted there was little change. Life is very different since then and it is increasingly easier to trust the Lord in more parts of my life. No longer am I always searching for a way to escape, but I turn to the Lord.

Increasingly I am learning how to be the priest of my family and the fog has lifted from my mind. Now I can make wise decisions for the good of my family. I have regained the respect of my wife and children and their prayer and trust in me helps me daily. Deliverance has changed and continues to change me.

God brought me out of that spiritual desert. I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, to the church and more especially to the fellows who spent so much time praying for and counselling with me. In spite of all the help I had it was still necessary to stand up myself and be determined to win in Jesus' name. Most of all I thank the Lord Jesus who made everything possible.

My Dad Was a Drunkard

Woman, 20 Years Old

For eighteen long years I lived in a home where life was a never ending nightmare. I am the child of a full fledged alcoholic. Remembering is so painful and I write this account with difficulty. It is so hard to verbalize the torment and misery caused by such a situation. Only because the Lord Jesus Christ saved me and rescued me am I able to share my story. My prayer is that it will help and encourage someone else to see the help that the Lord alone can give.

The abuse heaped upon my whole family by my dad was not only verbal but physical. After the plague of alcohol seized him it soon infected my mother and later me and my brother. My parents are still held in slavery to the bottle.

There were times when my father would be so good and kind to us. These were the thrilling and happy periods in our lives. Next would come the dreadful mood swings and brutal abuse which wiped out the pleasant memories. As alcohol consolidated its hold on him there were fewer and fewer good episodes and more and more of the horrible experiences filled with hurt and raw terror.

In the beginning my father vented his spite and anger on my mother. He would begin by savagely raving and ranting about some real or imaginary shortcomings. Although this was bad, what followed was far worse. After working himself into a fury, he would fly into her with cruel and merciless physical attacks.

Often after leaving work, he would stop off at a bar about 4:00 p.m. and begin to drink. About 3:00 a.m. he would stagger into the house. It was as if he never stopped to think that there was a family there who desperately needed and longed to be with him. When he lumbered through the door the whole house would reek with alcohol, like a brewery.

His first move was to begin yelling and cursing my mother. Of course this awakened all of us. He would shout and scream that his dinner was not hot. He would then proceed to wreck the kitchen tossing everything out into the floor. All the while he was cursing and

bitterly berating my mom telling her to look at the mess she had made!

This was used as an excuse to punch and kick her until he almost collapsed from the exhaustion. As I repeatedly witnessed all this I hurt so badly inside that I longed to die. Because my brother and I could do nothing to help her, we simply clung to each other sobbing in sheer terror.

Over and over I heard the sobbing pleading and begging of my mother

trying to get him to stop beating her. This was agony and torture to me and I just felt that my heart would break. Because of years of exposure to such scenes, I became filled with all kinds of fears.

Now I realize that it was the vicious evil spirits in him which drove such extremes of viciousness. His own torment was so great that he took it out on the weaker ones around him who could not resist. After a few years went by, my brother and I began to receive not only verbal but physical mistreatment from him also.

I can still remember the anxiety and dread which came each day. As the school bus approached our stop I got that sickening sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. Questions darted through my mind. Was he home? Had he been drinking? Is he sober but seething with wrath and rage over nothing?

My brother would remark philosophically, "One more day, just one more day." Both of us knew the truth, that habit to us lurked in our home. Who would be the object of hate and punishment today? What had we done or not done? This constant tension caused us to be riddled with guilt, denial, sadness and depression. At any moment we knew that our world would explode into a tornado of anger, rage and destruction.

We never could feel safe nor secure. It was impossible to go to him with a problem. Too often it interrupted his brooding dark moods and he would turn on us with tigerish fury. He could fly into a tantrum over the slightest thing even when he was sober the day after a binge.

We would slip in, eat and go straight to bed, hoping to avoid arousing his displeasure. This resulted in aching isolation, loneliness

and depression which threatened to overwhelm us. We were only children but we had to attempt to cope with these adult problems with our immature minds.

When he would shout angrily for one of us the other would breathe a sigh of deep relief. At least for now it was not your time. Still there was sympathy for the hapless victim. He might well be receiving retribution and punishment for something of which he was completely innocent. It made no difference to my father. There must be a scapegoat upon which he could vent his spleen and it made no difference who strayed into his path.

We lived in a precarious and hazardous world and the name of the game was survival. I had built up so much hatred, bitterness, resentment and so many fears. This made it impossible for me to give or receive love freely. Even toward my brother I felt compassion only because I could see myself mirrored in him and his situation.

I even came to hate and resent my mother because I somehow blamed her for not doing enough or for doing too much. Without being conscious of it I was picking up my dad's hypercritical spirits. As much as I hated and detested the way he was, I was sliding into the same kind of mindset and conduct.

Mom also blamed herself and was desperately trying to hold the family together, even though she herself was falling apart. She would keep on telling us, "O, he really doesn't mean it. He really loves us. Please don't tell anyone we are having family problems." In retrospect, I guess she was probably trying to convince herself even more than us.

When caught in the alcoholic net you will believe and espouse anything which will promote the myth of normalcy and will reject the obvious truth. Irrationality seems real and fantasy is preferred to the cold hard facts. It would be impossible to change this insanity except through the Lord. Jesus taught that with men such things are impossible but with God all things are possible

(Mark 10:27).

One day my dad went on another of his rampages in the kitchen, dumping everything in sight into a heap in the floor. This outburst was triggered by a fork he found that he decided had not been

properly cleaned. I was seized by the hair of the head, swung about and beaten up thoroughly.

This was accompanied by screaming and shrieking profanity and vile names to dirty to repeat. I was then tossed unceremoniously in the middle of the pile of things in the floor. He threatened me with even more violence if I did not clean that blankety blank mess up which I had made.

In an attempt to cope with the continuous pain and hurt I turned increasingly to drugs and alcohol. My family life at least receded into the background when I was drinking or was doing drugs. I started out with drugs and then added alcohol to deaden the pain. As I seesawed back and forth between the two I became thoroughly hooked.

Of course it was not long until I could not get through the day without this crutch to relieve the pressures. The pressures of addiction were even worse than those at home but like all addicts I learned this too late. I was forced to get high on one or the other just to be able to function. I chose my friends from among those who had the same problems I had and had embraced the same solutions.

My family life receded into the background when I sought refuge in drugs or liquor. The insoluble and painful problems seemed to disappear, at least for a brief time. In all of this I gradually lost control of my mind, will and emotions. I became the helpless bondsman of my remedies. Without realizing it I had fallen into the same trap which had snared and destroyed my father.

I became distressingly familiar with the let-downs, the broken promises, compulsive lying, callousness, emptiness and other terrible qualities. These things I had so hated and detested in my dad were faithfully reproducing themselves in my life and outlook. I was vaguely conscious of what was happening but seemed helpless to do anything to stop or reverse the process. The alcoholic syndrome was claiming still another victim.

As I plunged deeper into the morass of drinking, as always it took more and more to deaden the pain and heartache. At the same time I stepped up consumption of drugs for the same reason.

Desperately I sought to drown my sorrows. Along with many thousands before me, I learned that my sorrows were excellent swimmers. I was simply less able to cope with them when the drugs and alcohol had worn off.

I saw friend after friend either overdosing or being put into rehab after rehab program, either willingly or unwillingly. I had grown cynical, using and abusing myself and others around me. I was heartless, not caring about myself or anyone else. My life was meaningless and I was convinced that this was true of everyone else as well. I made many unsuccessful attempts at suicide for life was an empty farce!

Thanks be to our merciful Heavenly Father I was finally left with nowhere else to turn. Driving hatred and bitter resentment kept me chained to my pills and bottle. I was thoroughly enmeshed in my web of compulsive and hopeless addictions.

There was no reasoning, no truth, no way out and no life for one imprisoned and bound as I was. If there was a problem my response was to run from it. The intense isolation of such a captive makes him sure that there is no one who could possibly understand the situation or how he feels.

Each time I would run the Lord brought me back again, even though I did not know Him. I viewed the church as a place for clean, faithful and righteous people. It certainly was no place for filthy, useless and worthless persons such as I had become. This I knew for sure.

I earnestly yearned for a way out of the morass of darkness and misery in which I wallowed daily. I did not know that all of these dreadful circumstances were planned by the devil for my utter desolation and destruction. I also did not know that the Heavenly Father had permitted this to bring me to desperation in order to bring me to salvation. Only the desperate who know their need can be freed. As someone has wisely said, "Slaves who love their chains can never be free!"

"I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."

“He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay and established my goings.

“And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.” (Psalm 41:1-3)

It took a lot of time and I went down many painful and fruitless trails. However when I finally turned to the Lord Jesus, help came very quickly. I owe my very life to Him.

It is a painful task to recall, not only the things my father inflicted on us, but what I did to myself and to others. There is a sadness because of the lost and wasted years. Worse than all this is the realization of the hurt I imposed upon my wonderful Lord. He loved me and waited so patiently for me until I finally came to Him for help. So many times He spared my life, during the beatings, overdoses and when I deliberately attempted to take my life. He intervened so he could heal and show me just how much He loves me.

So often people think they have found a club of a rehabilitation program which will heal and set them free. I have found the only one which really works. It is so very simple and there are no fees to pay. Jesus paid it all.

I thank God for the Hegewisch Baptist Church, the pastor and people there. They have gently and lovingly showed me the way out of the darkness. Salvation and deliverance from evil spirits are the remedies which work to restore lives blighted by sin and wasted by the devil.

I realize that to one who is bound, this may all sound like simplistic fantasy. However, I live it each day and it is wonderful! Thanks to Jesus for His never failing love, mercy and strength. I have been rescued from the miry clay and my feet are now on the Solid Rock.

Although I have had less than a year of this glorious freedom, it is always increasing and deepening. I would not trade it for the world for the Lord is restoring the years which the locusts have devoured. **(Joel 2:25)** His Word feeds me and His Spirit guides me daily.

Shattered Romantic Dreams

Woman, 31 Years Old

Some things in this account may seem to make my husband appear as a villain but I assure you that he is not. I am writing this to show how two demonized persons were rescued from complete disaster by the intervention of the Lord. Now I would not trade my mate for anyone else in the world.

It had been a glorious week. Now came one of the happiest days of my life. I was marrying the man of my dreams, the one for whom I had prayed. Together we would team up to serve the Lord and live happily ever after.

I wanted to be the best wife in the world. We moved into the nice apartment I had rented before we were married. I would have a nicely decorated, spotless home, all meals would be served promptly, pleasing my spouse. I was also working part time to supplement the budget. It was going to be just wonderful!

My husband was appreciative for the first couple of months but did have great difficulty expressing it. Soon he took everything for granted and it annoyed and irritated me. When he ignored my efforts, I worked even harder to gain some affection or attention.

It was not long after we married that I became pregnant and this tightened our finances. He came in and announced he had located another apartment for less rent and included the utilities. When I saw it my heart sank and I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was "Greenacres" here we come!

I tried to share with him that I wanted to help cut expenses, but did not want to move into a dump. He could never deal with my emotions and simply declared that we were moving. I was feeling angry because of his lack of sensitivity and guilty that I was making things harder for him.

For two weeks I wept bitterly, but not in front of him. We moved and I began to clean and scrub, doing the best I could to make it

liveable. Eventually I was not embarrassed when visitors came, but deep inside I fumed indignantly. I did keep up a phony, holy facade of an afflicted but righteous soldier going bravely along on her little mission.

I was on a \$25.00 per week allowance from the start and was not allowed to express my needs. I was forced to go to the Lord for everything. It was difficult to meet even basic needs on such a stringent budget.

Now, although we had no utility bills and rent and groceries were minimal, he acted as if there was no money at all. He wasted it on junk which he was sure would someday be useful or valuable. This is typical behavior for an alcoholic.

We were always getting past due notices for unpaid bills and then disconnection or collection notices. All the money had been misspent and not on the family either! He would buy some junk for me at a garage sale which seemed to need disinfection, then was indignant if I was not thrilled with it. I was supposed to be grateful and brag about trivial things. The spirits told him that I was ungrateful and unappreciative.

Because I received no praise from him for my efforts, my demons told me I was doing a poor job of homemaking and that my husband found me unattractive. I was neither ugly nor lazy but did have a very low self esteem. This is another example of how demons set marriage partners against each other to cause suffering and conflict.

I did not go to an obstetrician until I was five months pregnant. This was because I knew my stingy husband would not want new bills. I was too dumb and too afraid to disagree. Fortunately I had no problems because I did go in as soon as difficulties began. I took a leave of absence from my job and later quit.

All the time I was employed my husband had regularly taken my entire weekly check. Each time we went to the bank deep anger and resentment would boil up in me. I felt so rebellious, frustrated and cheated.

Whenever I tried to explain to him how unfair I felt the situation was, it was as if he did not hear nor understand me. Then I felt even more frustrated and ended up blaming myself because he was loaded with guilt.

I came out of a background of constant abuse and of course this often produces a fertile field for alcoholic spirits to invade. They load the person with heavy rejection and extremely low self esteem. This makes them very easy to control and manipulate using guilt and fear.

I received some prayer about this but little freedom had come. To cover up my inadequacies, over the years I developed a pride which made me think I could demand that God change my husband into the man I wanted. Religious spirits told me that I was an obedient and long suffering servant. Because I was so horribly victimized God would be required to move for me.

The awful truth was that I was being fooled by evil spirits of Pride, Hatred, Anger and Self Pity. A religious phony, I lied to myself and thought God was unjust. Determined to have my own way, I was very rebellious. Some alcoholic demons work to produce self righteousness and all kinds of “good” works.

Keeping responsibilities off of my reneging husband and taking them upon myself was a form of pride. I used this to cover up my own rejections and self hatred. In this perverse way I became his saviour, to be glorified. I really had a lot to learn and, unwelcome as it was, my spouse was used by the Lord to teach me. This was humbling but effective.

During the pregnancy my husband spent less and less time at home. Eventually he would come home late for dinner, eat and go to bed. Sometimes he would call to say he was spending the night with some friends. Although he no longer drank he manifested all of the behavior patterns of a drunkard.

I was having a difficult pregnancy, which seemed to isolate me even more from my husband. We were shopping in a store some distance from home, during a heavy blizzard. My husband had asked me to stand in line to sign for something which he wanted to purchase.

I was seized with severe cramps and found I was bleeding. In spite of this he insisted that I take care of the business while he looked around some more. It seemed that hours went by as I found a place to sit down while I waited in line.

Our baby was kept in intensive care for almost two weeks. At last, here was one responsibility my spouse could not escape. Later on when I excitedly tried to share new things which our child was doing, he was totally disinterested. It broke my heart that our son did not have his dad's attention and love. But I remained quiet, trying hard to work out everything with my own imaginary spiritual power and supposed obedience.

Alcoholic patterns constantly overcame my husband and were bringing many stresses and pressures on our marriage. No matter how I moved to confront him he always came up with endless excuses. Complaining that he was under too much pressure, he made me the scapegoat causing all of this.

He would alternate, first angrily lashing out and then switching to the silent treatment. I was kept in a constant state of fear and guilt, desperately anxious to work things out. Apparently the one thing he was sure about was that he himself did not have a problem. From his viewpoint our trouble all stemmed from my trying to control him with my excessive demands.

The spirits in him moved cunningly to destroy us both. I always took great pride in keeping things in mint condition. In a very short time my spouse somehow managed to destroy expensive items. For example, before we married I had purchased my first car and we were still making payments on it. It was not new but was in very good condition. Now I seldom got to drive it, and had to stand by and watch it being made into a junker.

Remember I had religious and other evil spirits in me which cooperated with those in my husband to make both of us wretched. We almost bought a house worse than the apartment where we lived. Prayer played a big part in these plans being dropped. Finally after eight months of living out of boxes (with a baby) we moved into a better place.

I was pregnant again and all of my hidden hatreds and resentments surfaced anew. Before this I had been going before the Lord, laying out my mate's many faults with my own wounds and disappointments. I hated marriage and bitterly remembered my first pregnancy. I just could not handle this new one, physically or mentally.

I told the Lord that I would have to leave as soon as I had enough money. If He disapproved He would have to show me by changing my direction. That got a quick response. Abruptly, I became bedridden for three months with another hard pregnancy. I was angry but I knew it was the Lord's doing. Gritting my teeth in resignation, I became extremely distressed and discouraged.

I began to speak out exactly how I felt about everything. Before becoming bedridden I had told my husband that I was seriously considering divorce, but I really did not want that. I just had no hope for any change and felt cornered. Separation or possibly a divorce seemed to offer the only way out. Exhausted and very ill, I trusted no one and was not able to see the Lord was moving through these heartaches.

To add to our problems we were forced into another move and I was still stuck in bed. How could I pack or look for another house? I feared my mate would find us another rat hole to live in. Regularly; the women of the church came over to pack, move, furnish food, clean or to do whatever needed to be done.

My husband's mother moved in and proved to be a great help and support, although at first I had resented it. Passive, depressed, useless and irritable, I was not at all pleasant to be around. All I could do was to plan the menu and grocery list. While I was bedfast he had been receiving prayer for deliverance. My husband did locate us a home and I was apprehensive for I did not trust him. However, it was beautiful and for a rent we could pay! This was a welcome difference.

With my brother's encouragement I drew up a budget plan for the year. I hesitated, not wanting to seem to be vying for leadership in the family. This turned out well, for my husband knew nothing

about budgeting our money and needed help to get started. We got out of debt in the year that followed.

Now things began to change. I was helpless but my husband busily arranged everything. Gradually I was able to see beyond the bondage of my spouse and see what the demons were doing. God gave me compassion as I watched him battling to make changes.

Prayer sessions at church helped, but he still had to fight daily to overcome years of selfishness and distrust. As my heart went out to him, my own walls also began to crumble. It has taken time, but his unselfish, outward expressions and efforts were evidences of real love and his steady growth in grace.

I had lost all respect for and trust in my husband but his selfless love has already rebuilt much that had been lost. Without deliverance and prayers from the church we would have never been able to change as we have.

He had to recognize his own spirits himself and hate them, daily resisting them in church and at home. His eager willingness has softened my hardened heart. I certainly never would give him up now!

I still need more deliverance myself. The agape love flowing through him has helped me to release many hurts. I do have to struggle with much righteous indignation on occasion, feeling that he should suffer for what he did, but this is just my pride. As he is improving, I see new areas of my life which need changing as well.

I know now that God loves me both as a person and a woman. My husband no longer fears his responsibilities in the emotional or material realm. He has become caring and seeks to comfort and cover me and his sons.

Occasionally we have arguments but at least now we are both talking and are able to resolve our difficulties. Any man who humbles himself and changes when he is wrong shows real character.

We are learning that we can disagree without feeling compelled to punish the other person. We still have our setbacks, however we understand what is going on. We have learned to swallow pride and be tolerant and forgiving.

Thank God for Jesus who died and rose again to secure our freedom; then gave us binding and loosing of spirits to enable us to win the spiritual battles. Praise God too for the pastor and the Hegewisch Church who extended support, patience and prayers to both of us. Love covers a multitude of sins.

Alcohol and Karate

MAN, 30 Years Old

There were five boys and one girl in my family. I was the fifth of five sons and my sister was the baby. My mother always gave us the love that we needed. She would pray for us, hug and laugh with us. Ma was the best, for she always showed us how to be together and love one another. Mom did try unsuccessfully to protect us from my dad's rough treatment.

I was reared in the Roman Catholic Church. However, I never could understand what the priest was talking about. I knew nothing about salvation, real prayer or any truth from God's Word.

Our home was ruled over by an alcoholic father who had very harsh, strict rules. He emphasized pride and toughness and freely abused us with harsh words. If this did not produce the desired results, he did not hesitate to use severe physical punishment.

We were taught and trained not to fear men or anything else when we got in trouble. When my father disciplined us, he demanded that we never blink our eyes. He said to do this would show the other person we were afraid. If we blinked he would hit us. Our hearts were hardened as the years passed.

When something was broken at home, Dad would line us up. He would then beat all of us with his belt until he was able to learn what had happened and who had done it. Naturally, we were terrified of him. As we grew older we became mean, angry, temperamental and very destructive.

My father generated much hatred and anger at home. He was always creating strife and mind bending situations. We were forced to work on automobiles whether they were broken or not. Everything he told us was done in a very ugly and hateful way. Very vicious and cutting verbally, he could also be very cruel and violent physically. There was never any affection from him.

I can remember neighbors calling the police because my father and mother were always fighting. When my dad would go into a rage Mom would throw plates and other things trying to protect herself. Police could do nothing because it was a family matter.

As the years went by, my father continued his drinking. At 5:00 a.m. he would begin drinking and by 6:30 a.m. he would be plastered. Life grew harder for everyone in the family. In high school my grades were low or average because I was unable to keep my thoughts on my school assignments. My mind was constantly worrying about my mother for she was at home with my dad. I was deeply concerned about all the torture my mother had to endure.

Always involved in sports, I became especially good in scholastic wrestling. At one time, I was very close to being number one in the State of Indiana but it went to someone else. Although I failed in many areas and lost a number of very good opportunities, I never gave up.

I got my first job when I was eight. My father always pushed us to work and learn the value of a dollar. He also stressed saving our money. I was always busy but never liked going home.

My second oldest brother was kicked out of the house. Everyone at school was afraid of my older brothers because they were good at protecting themselves. In spite of this, none of us were actually trouble makers.

Following my graduation from high school, I lived at home for a time. I worked in restaurants and also attended college. I still had trouble with my concentration on my school work. It seemed to particularly infuriate my dad when I had to buy school supplies. He would toss my books, T-square, drafting board out in the driveway. I could not understand such conduct and was deeply hurt by it. I cried out to God asking why nothing was making any sense.

Before I left home my oldest brother had begun going to church. My father resented this and his constant talking about his savior, Jesus. One day when he was witnessing to me about salvation I listened and agreed with him. Still I could not understand or grasp it all.

Later he warned me about how bad my favorite music was. This offended me and I got into a hot argument with him. When he continued to press me, I became angry and physically violent.

One day he invited me to visit his church which was my first time to go to Hegewisch. The people there were not trying to be someone else or to impress anyone. It was totally different from the Roman Catholic church, the only other church I had ever attended. Here I first heard about and saw some real divine healing and demons forced to manifest and being cast out.

Still, it was very hard for me to comprehend everything I witnessed. In spite of this I felt this could be the answer to all of my problems. Still I did not go to church very much. Eventually I drifted away from it all.

For about two years after I finished high school I lived at home and held all my anger, frustrations and other problems inside. Finally, I moved to southern Indiana where I did a lot of partying, drinking and smoking pot and hash.

I tried going back to school, but I did not want to fail again. My brother introduced me to martial arts. I watched two instructors and was filled with awe. They exhibited such self control and manipulated their students with fear. I felt it coming from them to me. It was my father all over again!

I had some learning difficulties. Karate students told me that martial arts taught them strong self esteem and helped their learning abilities by strengthening their minds. I decided to audit the class the next day. By this time, I had been saved and was filled with the Holy Spirit.

The Sensei (master) instructor would not let just anyone join his karate class. It is for self defense and not some mentally disturbed persons who have a killing instinct or no ability to control themselves. Sometimes the Sinsa had a student with a problem and

who was very disobedient. He would take him a few rounds, and then dismiss him from the class because he lacked control over himself.

In martial arts training there was much meditation, utilizing hypnosis, mind control and subliminal control. They used laying on of hands and sycosinecy. There were strict rules and stiff discipline. The instructor watched his student's eyes very closely, concentrating on their actions, reactions, movements and emotions.

Although I felt some fear, my confidence grew as my training advanced. I noticed that the advanced students with a higher rank of belts were filled with confidence and control. I admired this and determined to reach the higher ranks myself.

I began to date a young girl in her teens. A little over a year later, we decided to get married. After a while marriage problems developed and I decided to look for a church. Although I had been to other churches I remembered Hegewisch. This was where they cast out demons. Something in my spirit seemed to tell me we could get help there.

I started to get some prayer at Hegewisch. At first it went slowly but then the demons began to come out by the hundreds including many marriage breaking spirits. My wife and I used to argue endlessly. Once I remember I even pulled a knife on her, scaring her half to death. After that I was delivered from spirits of Hatred of Women, Murder, Destruction of the Family Priesthood.

In me there were whole colonies of evil spirits of Rage, Violence and Pride. My actions at home were very much under steely control, just as if I were in a karate class. My rage was not just an outburst or a crazy tantrum.

I acted as if I were doing my katas in martial arts classes. I would even cry out a key-eya sound, kick, punch and do hand chops, often breaking the furniture. I made the serious mistake of striking my wife a few times.

I knew then that I had to be more serious about getting deliverance and determined to get help. I sometimes had hangovers

and yet I was no longer drinking! I developed many back problems and could not sleep.

Because my bed was so uncomfortable, I would do back exercises I learned in martial arts which relieved my back pains. I continued to go up for deliverance prayer and when the Lord began work on my back, vicious demons manifested.

Out came Strife, Bitterness, Arguing, Unforgiveness, Backbiting, Pride and Stiffneck. Ungodly soul ties from the martial arts, yoga exercises and my dad were broken.

Sins of the fathers dealt with included Oriental or Yellow Witchcraft from the martial arts. Other spirits forced out included many ranking evil spirits, Mind Control, Self Hypnosis and Ancestral Inheritance.

Marriage Breaking Spirits Drove Me to Drink

MAN, 40 Years Old

I give my testimony with the prayer that it will bring glory and honor to my wonderful Lord. I never cease to praise Him for saving my soul. If you have never received Jesus Christ as savior, I urge you to do it without delay.

I was reared in a very small southern town before we moved to the northern section of the country. My dad had married my mother because she was pregnant with my sister. My mother was a Christian woman who loved to go to church but my dad was an alcoholic. Mom used to take my sis and me to church whenever it was possible.

Many times when we were in church my dad would come home and explode into a drunken fit of rage and fury. He then would accuse my mother of running around and sleeping with other men.

Sometimes sis or I would stay home with dad and the other would go to church.

I remember once when he was very drunk he forced me to walk him to church to make a scene. He had half a pint of liquor in each hip pocket. I was only eight at the time and was mortified and deeply hurt by this embarrassing incident. Spirits of lust, some doubtless inherited from my father, surfaced and seized control in me when I was only ten. In the outskirts of the small town where I lived there was not much to do and we kids in the neighborhood made up games to play. One of our favorites was to play "doctor" and examine each other intimately.

A fourteen year old girl who lived next door seduced me and initiated me into real sex with her. Evil spirits were hilariously happy for I was thoroughly hooked. Lust increasingly dominated my thinking and my whole life.

With this kind of lifestyle it is not surprising that I got my seventeen year old sweetheart pregnant. This plunged me into marriage when I was only sixteen. Both of us were working until she was forced to drop out to have the baby. I told her I didn't want her to work again until after the child was in school. Later on we had two more children.

Although we didn't take the kids to church some folk down the street from a very early age took them. As they got older my wife and I would drop them off at church. I tried going there but didn't like it because it all seemed dead and lifeless.

My wife and I drank a little at New Years and at some family gatherings. After my experiences with my father I had no intention of becoming a casualty of alcohol. Oftentimes when he came in drunk he would drive my mother and us kids out of the house. This would happen on cold, rainy nights when we were only dressed in our underwear. He would rave and rant, shouting and screaming obscenities and foul accusations against my mother. After working himself into a frenzy he would beat her unmercifully. This happened over and over again. Once following a savage attack, he shut her up

in a hideaway bed. He thought he had killed her and so he fled the state. I found my mom there and called in help.

Fourteen years I worshipped and idolized my wife and was convinced that we had the perfect marriage. All our friends and acquaintances thought the same thing. To me my spouse could do no wrong.

Then one dreadful day I came in from work as usual and the wife and kids were not there but I thought they would be home soon. However, as it got later and later I became concerned. I worried about them being out alone after dark.

About this time my cousin and his wife came over to my house. I kept telling them that it was not like my wife to stay out like this and how this worried me. My cousin told me to sit down to hear what they had to tell me. I had visions of a car wreck or something like that. They told me that my wife had filed for divorce!

This was so incredible that I thought they were just joking. Then both of them began to weep. Stunned and in a state of shock, I kept asking repeatedly, "Why? Why? Why?" I had never struck nor abused her in any way. When we had differences we would go into the bedroom and sit down and calmly talk it over. We never argued in front of the children. The thought of life without my family was unbearable. This plunged me into deep despair and I went looking for my shotguns. My wife had taken the precaution of removing them from the house and hiding them.

I was informed that the family refused to return to the house as long as I was there. My cousin invited me to stay with them temporarily. He wanted me to ride with them but I told him I was ok and would follow them on my motorcycle. I did go to their house but decided to go out to be alone. My cousin followed me on his bike. I blasted off down the highway at full throttle and began to overtake a semi truck at 105 m.p.h. My plan was to slam up under the rear of the truck and end it all. My cousin was trying in vain to overtake me.

Blinded by tears and sobbing bitterly, suddenly it hit me. Who would take care of my kids? Throttling back I slammed on the brakes

and narrowly avoided the crash I had planned.

From the time I was a very small lad I had made up my mind that under no circumstances would I ever be like my dad. However this traumatic shock threw me wide open and I plunged recklessly into drinking, fornication and adultery.

My friends envied me. I was not bad looking, was 31 years old, had a good paying job and was single. I had it made and could do whatever I chose. This is what my friends thought and I pretended it was true. I really had them fooled but could not fool myself. I looked fine but inside I was a total wreck and I did a lot of crying in my room.

I was so miserable and super sensitive. Every little thing seemed to wound and upset me. For example, I had always tucked my children into bed at night and kissed them goodnight. I missed them so much. I became so paranoid that at times I was afraid to sign my own payroll check for fear they would think I had forged it.

My wife told me that there was no other man in her life. This was a lie. There was a man where she worked whom she had been seeing. The first week we were separated he moved into the house I had just bought for her.

I went on dying inside for about a year while everyone thought I was fine. One night as I was dressing for a date my former sister-in-law called and invited me to come to church that night. I agreed and then continued with my date preparations.

Then I was startled. Had I actually told her that I would go to church? I called her back and asked her. She confirmed it and said maybe another time. For some strange reason I did not even call my date to cancel but went to church instead.

This was the night I first heard Pastor Worley. For the first time since I was a little boy I heard plain, simple Bible preaching again. The love which permeated the place kept me returning again and again. Then there came a time when I repented of my sins, confessed them to God and asked Jesus to come into my heart and save me; and He did!

What a change! I was on a spiritual high for about three days. Finally the enemy struck back and suddenly I felt I was going crazy.

Thoughts badgered me that I should commit myself to a mental ward because I had gone too far with this religious business. I had heard the pastor say that this sort of thing could happen but now I was experiencing it. All of my friends and my whole family were all agreed that I was nuts.

The enemy almost managed to convince me that I was completely insane. I did not know any poetry and I said, "Lord, if I am really saved, give me a poem." God gave me this:

*I am happy and want to jump and shout about
God's Word and how it came about
From the mouth of Win it does come so soft
and pretty as the morning sun.
But with the force of lightning bolts, yes I know
because I felt the jolts!
I was blind and could not see how the devil had
such a hold on me
Now I am as happy as I can be, because the Lord
himself has set me free.*

I destroyed all the booze I had in the house where I lived. I had purchased the stuff by the case. As I studied the Word of God He continually showed me the things in my life which were not right. One of the first things I had to do was to forgive my dad, my ex-wife and my children for all of the hurts and disappointments I had received from them.

So many areas of my life were twisted and wrong but God continued to deal lovingly with me. I have received massive deliverances at Hegewisch and continue to receive even more help periodically. As the alcoholic and other demonic networks are broken up and evil spirits cast out, more and more freedom comes.

His Word has become more and more precious and is my high tower to guide me aright (**Psalm 91, Psalm 37**). The walk with the Lord has not been easy and there have been many trials to overcome.

Looking back I can rejoice and praise the Lord for the glorious blessings with which He has brought into my life. Before my father died, I was able to put my arms around him and tell him that I loved him. God even gave me the precious privilege of leading him to the Lord. Now I know I will see him again some day. Hallelujah! What a saviour!

Wiped Out by Drugs and Alcohol

MAN, 29 Years Old

The following testimony I write to the glory and praise of my saviour Jesus Christ. To demonstrate how great the grace of the Lord is, I will be forced to recount some dark and shameful episodes. Let me state something clearly however. Although there is pleasure in sin for a season, it is an exceedingly bitter, lonely and empty way of life.

I am ashamed of the things in which I once gloried. How I do rejoice that old things have passed away and all things have become new (**Philippians 1:6**). Truly He has lifted me from the miry clay and set my feet on a rock (**Psalms 40:2**).

"Tomorrow I'll wake up and won't be depressed anymore. Maybe things will change--surely they can't get any worse." Over and over I went through this during my lifetime. I was in and out of over thirty different jails throughout the United States and Mexico, I was arrested, booked and then released at least 75 times in the last fifteen years.

When in prison I would often get into trouble, be beaten within an inch of my life and thrown in a cell. Savagely I would throw the coffee on the person who brought my meal and spit in the guard's face. Both inside and outside the prison this aggressive attitude and violence behavior were a way of life to me.

My last conviction was for embezzling fraudulent bank accounts which landed me and my girl friend behind bars. I was given a ten year sentence, but was out on a technicality in only a year. My girl friend was in for eight months.

At age 19, I got my 15-year old girl friend pregnant and we rushed impetuously into marriage. It had little chance of success. I was worlds away from to even begin to accept the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood.

My wife was very young and immature also but she struggled vainly to make the marriage work for nearly five years. I cooperated sporadically, for I felt deeply about her. However I chafed at being confined by the responsibilities of being a husband and father to my three children.

I never learned to say no to my buddies who wanted to party. To drink, gamble and do drugs was the main goal of my life. Filled with selfishness and insensitivity I took no notice of the emotional havoc I was creating in my wife. She put me out in disgust and hopelessness many times. After I had done my thing, I always came back, turned on the charm and pleaded with her to take me back. We then would reconcile on the basis of promises I seemed never able to keep.

I guess I never realized that a woman can reach a point where she gives up hope, and she finally did. She told me to go away and to stay away. I was shocked beyond belief when she steadfastly refused my overtures and actually found someone else herself. My pride was mortally wounded and black anger and vengeance settled over me. Who did she think she was!

Stung by the destruction of my marriage, I joined a commune in California. I went on a binge and every day for three months I dropped at least three hits of LSD. However, sex, drink and drugs could not still the hurt and failure in my heart. After three years of this I was even more restless and unhappier than ever before. I hit the road again and crossed the country.

Restlessly looking for something new, I introduced myself to heroin. When the first needle shot in my veins, I knew I had found the way out of my misery. It was incredible; I felt so good, so secure. A heroin high is hard to describe. The nearest thing to which I can

compare it is a hundred sexual orgasms all rolled into one long unbelievable rush of pure pleasure.

In the beginning I shot up on a Friday night and over the weekend. Later I needed a shot in the middle of the week too. Within one short month I was firmly hooked and soon I had to have a shot a day just to function.

Sensation dropped and dosages had to be increased so that within four months I had to have four shots a day just to keep going. This took \$75.00 per day and I had a prostitute working for me. I would knock her around if she failed to bring in enough drugs for me. Thus I sank lower and lower into my own private little hell.

I can never forget the first time I decided to kick heroin. Because I was tough I elected to go "cold turkey." My buddies and I were playing cards when the first needling numbness began to shoot through my limbs, unpleasant and rather painful, but not unbearable.

My addict friends laughed as they recognized the symptoms beginning. I stretched my legs and arms and snorted. "Is that all there is to it? Why I can take that, it's not that bad." They warned that I only had a baby monkey now, and just wait "until he grows into a gorilla." I scoffed and assured them I was not afraid. I bragged that I could take it.

About three hours later, I was violently ill and a throbbing mass of horrible pain from head to toe. I thought I was going slowly insane. A friend had decided to "kick" with me. In an effort to dull the ever increasing pain we shot wine in our ankle veins ten or fifteen times.

We also drank, hoping drunkenness would ward off the terrible sickness. This did no good however and the next morning as soon as I could get money, I copped some heroin and fixed. I could not hack kicking the habit "cold turkey."

About four months later I decided to kick the habit again. This time it took three or four days. I was quite sure that I would die; then I became so sick I feared I would live. Even after my friends tied my hands and feet to protect me, I managed to beat my head against the TV until it was bloody. This was done in a frenzied but vain attempt to knock myself unconscious. The horrible nightmare went

on for hours and hours and it seemed like an eternity. Finally it was over and I fervently vowed that never again would I get hooked on the stuff. In spite of this, eventually I again sought the solace of the almighty needle, seeking escape from my drab and empty life. Pleasure is such a deceptive and cruel master. Very fleeting, she is always dragging her victims farther and farther down into endless degradation. In my desperate search for love and security I lived with over fourteen women in a common-law situation. Some bore me children, others did not. My whole life was spent running away from difficult situations, especially those involving close relationships with other people.

Bored and frustrated with my dismal and miserable way of life, I would pick up and move out for no particular reason. As a rule I would then either end up in jail or over in another state. I could not stand being cooped up. If someone seemed to be moving into a dependent relationship with me, I would feel trapped, smothered and driven to panic and flee the scene.

I became involved with witchcraft and Satan worship. Primarily this was because some of my mistresses were practicing it. The thing which attracted me to it was it's open and blatant emphasis on raw power, sensuality and sex.

One of the girls with whom I lived with would cut herself and put drops of her blood in a glass of wine. After making incantations to Satan over it, she would have me drink it. This caused me to be aflame with incredible lust and gave me astonishing and abnormal virility.

Not realizing the dangers, I willingly cooperated in this ritual again and again. How easily Satan can dupe a man by appealing to his masculine vanity, especially in the area of lust and sexual prowess. I was irresistibly drawn back to this woman many times even though I eventually fought against it, resenting the bondage and slavery it brought.

Another Satan worshipper with whom I lived had pet boa constrictors who were free to roam the apartment. She was insatiable and being with her so drained and exhausted me that I finally became impotent with her. As sex lost its glow, over and over I

would wearily take to the road again, always restless, searching and unsatisfied.

Once I lived with two bisexual girls who taught me to read the Tarot cards and I became quite an expert at it. We repeatedly crisscrossed the United States, embezzling America Express bank drafts all over the country. Gathering our loot, we would scoot to Mexico where we lived up the money we had stolen. As usual, we indulged in all our favorite sexual pastimes, drinking and doing drugs.

However, soon I was alone again, constantly roving and moving from place to place. As with all addicts, I moved closer and closer to death with the heroin needle. The closer to death, the greater the rush. Realizing that sure death was approaching, I copped some heroin, jumped in my car and headed for the West Coast again.

When the last of my supply ran out on the trip, I knew no one who could replenish the drug. As I had anticipated, I would have to kick cold turkey again. This was as I had planned it. I had to be in a place where I could not secure more drugs. From many past experiences, I knew what was ahead. I dreaded the days of living death I would experience yet this was the only way I knew to get free from the habit.

After this harrowing experience, I ended up in Las Vegas with another girl. Then began the usual rounds of passing bad checks, armed robbery and prostitution. Soon I was forced to flee to Mexico again to escape the police.

Later when I returned to Los Angeles I OD'ed (overdosed) on 38 Seconal caps. This put me in the hospital for four days. I remember striking the nurse and cursing the doctor after I regained consciousness. No happiness or rest was possible and soon I was back on the streets again.

I had always carried a gun. It was my protection against the law but also against other fellows I knew. I was continually involved in carrying out or planning some fraudulent scam. I had to remain on guard at all times against my so-called friends. The law of the jungle ruled in the world I inhabited. A friend was a buck-a-shot, or an

abused and beaten-up girl submitting to my drunken plans and wishes.

Strangely enough, I was an expert mechanic on large machinery. Because of this I could secure a good paying job almost anytime I decided to go straight. In spite of this I could never hold on to my money or my positions for very long. For no reason at all I would become bored and restless and soon would move on to something else.

Once I pulled a job in Reno which took two months to plan and netted over \$5,000.00. I felt important and had a few drinks with friends and we went to a fortune teller. She read my palm and told me I would make a lot of money; live to a ripe old age, but would be very sick; and that I would lose all my money very soon. Three hours later I had blown the \$5,000.00 on two girls and a crap table. Not only did I lose my money, but also my gun and suitcases. To get a plane ticket out of town I had to borrow money!

My anger and bitterness grew deeper and deeper. I remember being filled with fury because a crony backed out of a scam and kept \$100.00 of my money. This washed out six or seven weeks of careful preparation for that bank job. My money and my gun were gods to me. Furiously, I swore I would hunt him down and cut off at least one of his fingers as punishment. He fled the area in terror for he knew I would do exactly that if I caught him.

Increasingly, I became weary and tired of the way I was living yet I could not seem to change. At 29 years of age I was burned out on everything and everybody. While in a very deep depression, I dropped by my sister's home and asked if I could stay there for a few days. During our conversation I told her how disgusted I was and how fed up I was with life in general. Life just was not worth living!

She then had the audacity to tell me she had read a book written by a man in Chicago and that now she knew what my trouble had been all these years. Curious, I asked what she was talking about and she calmly assured me that I had demons. "Demons!" I exploded, "You've gotta be kidding. We'll have to be locking you up. You are worse off than I am. You've really flipped out!"

Because I was so upset she dropped the subject and suggested I get some sleep. I was exhausted and this sounded good to me. As I started up the stairs, she handed me a Bible and asked me to take it along. Angrily, I informed her that I had my gun and I didn't need that book; however, to mollify her I took it with me. Almost immediately I dropped off into an exhausted sleep.

I learned later that my sister had read Pastor Worley's book, *Battling the Hosts of Hell*. When she called him to ask the best way to help me he had strongly advised her not to attempt to throw out the demons by herself. He told her how to bind them and said that in less than a week he would be in that area of California. Perhaps she could get me to the meetings there.

She waited until I was sound asleep and then went into the garage on the opposite end of the house. Although she only intended to bind them, what came from her mouth was a command that the spirits leave me in Jesus' Name! It really startled her.

I suddenly awoke with my mouth wide open and a huge roar was bellowing out which sounded like a diesel locomotive traveling full speed. The whole room was vibrating with the noise. I was thoroughly shaken up. A blackish cloud came rolling out of my mouth, making these strange sounds. It seemed to linger only briefly in the room, darting around bouncing off the walls before it shot down the stairway. At that same time my sister down in the garage let out a loud yelp. She had been hit in the lower abdomen by a severe stabbing pain which persisted for several hours.

By instinct I grabbed for my gun, yet somehow I knew that whatever that thing was, it would not be bothered by a gun. Thoroughly frightened now, I seized the Bible and cried out to the Lord to save me. I still do not understand the theology of it all, but when I cried out to the Lord, something dramatic and different happened.

For the first time in about ten years, tears came gushing from my eyes. Simultaneously I was flooded with peace and a contentment that I had never experienced before. Not only that, it continues today. This was only the beginning of God's marvelous dealings with me in deliverance to set me free from my chains and bondage.

I know that the Lord will give me more deliverance in His own time and way as I walk with Him in obedience. How I praise Him for having mercy on me and washing me in His blood. My desire now is to serve Him with all my heart and lead others to the freedom and peace I have found in Jesus Christ.

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My Life Was Doomed to Disaster

MAN, 28 Years Old

I was the eldest of seven children in a Roman Catholic family. For six years I attended Catholic schools and served with the priest as an altar boy. I attended church every Sunday but lost interest when I reached high school age. I could get no meaning from the liturgy and teachings of the church.

Following my graduation from high school, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. By this time I never went to church at all. After being discharged from the service, I married the girl I had been dating for three years.

For the first six months the marriage seemed to be doing well but then everything began to go downhill. We had one child and another was on the way two months later. My wife and I bickered and fought constantly. I hated this and felt I could not bear it any longer; however I would not leave my children. I determined to make the marriage work but deep down inside I was screaming for a way out. It all seemed so hopeless and dreary.

In my despair and hopelessness I turned to drugs. I smoked marijuana and dropped speed, acid or any other kind of pill I could get. Desperately searching for something to make me happy, all this just made me feel worse. Although losing a lot of time from my job, I

still managed to keep on working. This resulted in unpaid bills piling up, adding even more pressure in my life.

Five and a half years and three children later, my wife filed for divorce. Now even more it seemed my whole world was crumbling. I begged and pled with her not to leave and take my children from me. The thought of being alone and of being a failure threw me into deep depression which neither drugs nor alcohol could relieve.

My parents tried to encourage me, assuring me that God would help, but I would not listen. The form prayers and litanies of the Roman Catholic religious system were no match for the very real problems I faced. I was frustrated, very angry and sinking deeper in despair. I plunged even deeper into drugs and even became a dealer. So long as I had plenty of drugs, I had lots of "friends".

After finalization of the divorce, my parents urged me to date someone. One night in the local tavern I met a girl with a friend of my brother. She seemed nice so I called her the next day and we began to date regularly. She had her own apartment and after we had been dating for a month, I moved in with her.

Soon after this things started downhill again. We got along very well but I was laid off from my job. For eight months I sat in the apartment feeling depressed and sorry for myself. She would come home from work to find me just sitting and crying, very high on drugs. How she put up with me, I'll never know. She felt helpless but stayed with me, loving me and giving me encouragement.

One day two Christian men came by the apartment. When I answered the door they asked if I knew Jesus as my Savior. I cut them short, replying that I was Roman Catholic and did not want to hear anything they had to say. They left but returned two weeks later.

It was mid-winter and freezing cold outside, but I did not ask them in. However, this time I could not turn them away either. They talked and read scripture to me and were so calm they made me very nervous. My girlfriend yelled at me to let them in rather than to

stand there with the door open. Because I didn't want to let them in, I took some of their literature and told them goodbye.

My girlfriend had been reared in a Baptist church. Although she had been away from it for quite a while, she sensed what I needed. She knew that God would be able to straighten me out and suggested that we start going to church. The next Sunday we attended the Baptist church where she had formerly gone. The songs we sang brought tears to my eyes and I felt a peace there I had never known before. After the sermon, the Pastor gave the invitation for anyone who wanted to confess their sins and accept Jesus.

I felt the urge to go forward. I pulled on my girl's arm and asked her to come with me. She refused, saying it was my decision and I would have to go on my own. I just sat frozen and did not move. The next Sunday I felt the same urge, but again held back.

Meanwhile, we began to be bothered about the way we were living. She had felt badly about it for some time because she knew it was wrong. It started worrying me also and we went for a conference with the Baptist pastor. We were married that Friday in the Pastor's office.

The following Sunday we got up to go to church but when we arrived it was already in progress. We had forgotten to set our clocks back an hour the night before. My wife did not want to go in but something was drawing me as I entered. We sat in back for about five minutes before the invitation began. I jumped up and went forward. Much to my surprise, my wife was right behind me. Together we committed our lives to the Lord Jesus Christ.

A friend gave me a book called "Pigs in the Parlor". I read it and became interested in deliverance. My pastor knew very little about it but referred me to Hegewisch Baptist Church. I went there on a Thursday night and could really see a difference. The pastor of the church greeted me at the door with a hug and a smile. He and all the people of his church seemed to have a glow about them and genuine love was shown all around.

I finally made the decision to move there and I found that deliverance could set a person free. People receive deliverance there and then begin to have the joy of helping others get free. I also

sought and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and this has helped me even more.

The Word declares the truth will make you free (**John 8:31,32**). In the two years since we have been saved, God has continuously worked miracles in our lives. I was delivered from drugs, alcohol and cigarettes. For years I had suffered with arthritis and the Lord healed me completely. I got a good job and we were able to buy a house for a price only the Lord could have arranged.

Through the Lord, I am receiving more and more freedom and because of the changes in my life, others have been touched. Four of my sisters and two in-laws have been saved because of the changes they have witnessed in my life. How I praise the Lord for what He has done and continues to do in my life.

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Rescued from the Pit of Hopelessness

Woman, 35 Years Old

How I do praise the Lord for saving me and my whole family and for the deliverance ministry. I was in spiritual, physical and mental bondage from early childhood.

Reared in a broken home, there was no male authority or any father figure there. Because I was a Roman Catholic, I never read the Bible nor did I really understand that Jesus indeed paid for all of my sins at Calvary. This caused me to live a life filled with much guilt and terrible fears.

When I was less than one year old my mother temporarily placed me in an orphanage. From there I was shifted constantly between various foster homes until she could get on her feet. My father had a very serious drinking problem and during his bouts of drunkenness he physically abused her. When they separated I was very confused and upset. Fortunately my mom placed me with some loving people during the day. They were protestants who believed in Jesus and read the Bible.

Later I went through twelve years of Roman Catholic training but remained confused, angry and rebellious. I leaped from high school directly into a disastrous marriage with a heavy drinker. By the time he was discharged from the army we had two children. I divorced him but because I was so confused and so fearful of being alone I manipulated another man into another marriage. Although it only lasted a scant six months, the constant mental torment made it seem like years. I did not know that both of us were being driven and harassed by evil spirits.

Fleeing from that relationship I moved back home with my mother. This situation was full of problems also because by this time both of us had become heavy drinkers. During this time I met and married my third husband. I just ran from one problem to another but no solutions ever resulted.

For the past eleven years the Lord has chosen to deal with me through this last marriage. Both my husband and I had a deep hunger and need for unconditional love, even though neither of us knew how to give or receive it freely. After six months we were still total strangers.

Once more the evil spirits of Jezebel and Rejection reared up in me and worked tirelessly to destroy the home. Because there was no love between us and I was driven increasingly to excessive drinking. My husband was a city policeman and his work schedule kept him away from home a great deal of the time.

We suffered from violent clashes and outbursts from each of us. This solved nothing and led to ever increasing fears and destruction of the relationship. In our misery we slid into drugs trying desperately

to escape. Instead we became more mired and enslaved. I plunged into the occult, astrology and reincarnation. Soon these evil spirits were completely directing my life. I grasped anxiously at them for help but received nothing.

After about eight years of living together without being able to love, God intervened and my husband got saved. We were on the verge of divorce when one day he came home and shared with me what the Bible said about astrology.

He then took all my books and the charts I had done and destroyed them. Within the next few weeks I also asked Jesus into my heart. It was only by God's grace that we missed the divorce court and things gradually began to change.

We were different but did not really know why. We went to a Catholic priest seeking answers and asking for guidance. When we shared what had happened he just sat there staring at us. I guess he was in a state of shock because before we left he requested that we pray for him.

Meanwhile, as we kept searching, Satan was busily working overtime to destroy our family. There was no fellowship in the Lord and this we sorely needed. I was going to a drug counsellor and both of us went to a marriage counsellor. However it just was not working for us.

Finally one desperate day I went down on my knees and asked God for the answer to our marital problems. I begged him to free me from my addiction to alcohol. Although I didn't know it at the time, my husband was praying for a church to attend. Within three weeks the Lord answered those prayers.

Because of some saved friends we visited Hegewisch Baptist Church on a Thursday night. By 3:00 a.m. Saturday, the demons in me began to stir and manifest. Many evil spirits were cast out of me, cursing loudly as they left. Our friends and two young men from the church came over to the house to help my husband.

Spirits of Jezebel, Hatred, Hatred of Men and many occult spirits were cast out. One particularly strong spirit said before he left that they almost had me and were planning to take my husband also. Praise the Lord for they were all defeated and forced to leave in Jesus' name!

God has delivered me from many areas of destruction in my life. Our family has been turned around and Jesus is now the Head of it. The Lord actually spoke to me and called me by name following that first deliverance. He told me that He loved me. Then He baptized me in the Holy Spirit and I began to pray in tongues.

There was quite a battle in the weeks which followed. Once Satan tried to kill me by putting me to sleep at the wheel of the car which then ran off the road. How I thank and praise God for the Hegewisch Baptist Church. I am thankful for the love and dedication of all the people there. What a blessing to finally know what a real family is. Praise the Lord that now we are also a part of it.

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I Gave Up On My Husband

Woman, 35 Years Old

When I married in 1964 my plans were to realize the American dream and live happily ever after. For the first nine years of our marriage I considered my life to be fairly normal. My husband did drink a lot, but so did many other people I knew. His three brothers, mother and father were all alcoholics.

None of my family were drinkers. We were all involved in more respectable things such as mind expansion, positive thinking and

witchcraft. We were not into the black arts, just white witchery. We went to church on Sundays and in the afternoons routinely had occult parties just as other families might play scrabble. By the time I was ten years old I was able to tell fortunes.

Because of this exposure to witchcraft, later I had to be delivered from a Fear of Discernment. I certainly wanted nothing filtering in from the past. The enemy had me convinced that I should not use the discernment the Lord gave me because it was false. Deliverance set me free.

After I having had many miscarriages, I wrote out a covenant with Satan for a child. I was afraid to sign the document however. I had attended some Awana meetings at the church where I heard how evil and vile Satan was. Thank God for the bit of truth I had received.

I was saved in September, 1971 and was rudely given to the left foot of fellowship by the Presbyterian Church. They complained that I was talking about the blood too much and it was frightening people. Now I look back on that episode as my first great deliverance! I next began to attend an Assembly of God church. Here I picked up many religious spirits such including Pride; Fear of Losing Salvation; Fear that Jesus Might Stop Loving Me; and many many more.

One day a friend, who had stuck by me all through my trials, told me she had heard about a deliverance church. Since both of us needed deliverance we decided to go. Although we knew everything Pastor Worley said was right on, we did search the scriptures ourselves just to double check. That was in 1972 and Pastor has been stuck with us ever since.

Praise the Lord, I have been delivered from multitudes of occult spirits, including almost all of those on pastor's list. One that is not listed is called Sand Reading. This is done by sprinkling sand on a Bible, then interpreting the sand.

I can look back now and see how God has always been in control of my life even when I was not. One of my greatest deliverances was from the Fear of Losing my Salvation. I was very fearful of making a boo-boo with God, terrified that He might stop loving me. I knew all of the awful and terrible things I had done. I

feared God might have found it difficult to love me in the first place. What if He should change His mind and let me go!

Perhaps the best thing the deliverance workers and Pastor did for me was to allow God to reveal the fathomless depths of Christ's love through them. This helped me to know beyond the shadow of doubt that Jesus can and does forgive everything loves me unconditionally. Because of this I am able to love Him with a deeper and more fervent love. I could not even imagine this kind of love before deliverance.

In spite of all the changes and blessings which were pouring into my life, my mate was still a heavy drinker and our family had enormous problems. My poor husband was living at home in full blown manifestation, not knowing one waking moment of sobriety.

At the Assembly of God Church we were told that our problems were the price we had to pay for being unevenly yoked. However, I knew we were evenly yoked at the time we got married. If we were not now it was not my fault. Because God had called me, He would have to call my spouse. If the two become one, then my spouse would have to be saved because God does not call half a person.

In 1978, my spouse overheard my friend and I discussing Jesus' second coming. He became very apprehensive and fearful of waking up and finding the kids and me gone and him being left alone. One day in the kitchen he broke down and burst into tears. My friend was there and she led him in the sinners' prayer to become a new creature in Christ.

Surely now everything would just be perfect! I was wrong. He still balked about attending Hegewisch and thought we were flaky. The daily drinking bouts continued and he stayed in an alcoholic stupor all of the time. On one occasion, he flew into a rage, beat our son and broke his own hand.

I know now that he didn't really want to do those things. He was totally out of control. Believe me, there are a host of antagonistic demons a non-drinking spouse can carry around which give much strength to alcoholism. I had them all and am still working on a few that are still hanging in there.

In desperation, I went to Pastor and said, "I want to divorce my husband." He asked me what the Bible said. I answered affirmatively, and then asked if God would forgive me if I divorced him anyway. Pastor again asked what the scriptures said. I said, "I believe He will."

He then counselled, "Pray about it; seek God; only you know how much you love him and what you can live with. Can you live with it today?" I said, "Yes." "Can you live with it tomorrow?" Again I nodded. So Pastor encouraged me to pray and said that he would also pray. He assured me that God would go on loving me, no matter what happened and to live one day at a time.

Our Pastor has a way of never giving direct advice, he gives some maybe's and some probably's. When we seek his counsel, he points out what the Word says and gently directs our seeking to Christ Himself. Anxious to teach us to get answers from the Lord Himself, He never makes decisions in our lives for us. He does love us, always urging us to seek answers from God and not from man.

I started a very concentrated effort to make our marriage work. Things got worse, just as Pastor had warned they would. Meanwhile, at church we learned much about binding and loosing spirits. I asked the men and Pastor to pray over an anointed cloth for me.

Next I cut it into small pieces and sewed it under the label of every pair of underwear my husband owned. A piece also went into his pillow and his side of the mattress. Now I was sure everything was going to be settled. Again I was wrong; he got worse. Pastor had warned me that when the pressure came on my spouse, in desperation he might choose booze and to pray against it.

I had arranged for my husband to enter a treatment facility for alcoholism and one day he announced he was going in. The next morning I drove him there and a few weeks later it was over. I believe God used the treatment center to give him the needed time to think things over. While he was gone I was reconsidering my life as well.

At this point I felt God had waited too long to do something. Now, free of the booze or not, I no longer cared. By this time I had come to hate my spouse and wanted him dead. After being freed from the drinking he wanted to pick up and live with his family as before, but I just could not continue.

After getting just what I had prayed for over the years, suddenly I could find no love in my heart for my husband. I knew I should love him and that God wanted me to, but I just could not. I began making concentrated efforts to get more help for myself.

I still had many evil spirits, including Jezebel, who was running everything. My husband's spirits had made it easy for Jezebel to take over. Among others I had were: Hatred of Husband; Resentment; Murder; Frustration; No Respect; No Help; Fear of him being alone with the children; Fear of Losing My Home; Fear of Divorce; Hopelessness; Despair; Worry; Depression; Confusion; Spirit of Independence (who needs a man, I can handle it) and Unforgiveness.

I think I had every kind of marriage breaking spirits and more. Before God could begin a work on our marriage, I had to be freed from these things. I had to forgive and forget what the demons had done through my husband over all the many years of unhappiness and disappointment.

One Sunday about a year ago my spouse announced, "Wait for me, I'm going to church with you." Frankly, I doubted he could take it. It happened to be the closing Sunday of a workshop. It would be explosive and I knew that he would see everything plus, but I did not say a word. He came and has never missed a service since. His salvation was secured. He loved getting into the deliverance battle. It was very natural for him. Instinctively, he knew he had found the missing parts of his life.

Meanwhile, since his deliverance in 1980, the Lord has restored our marriage to a place which I never thought would be possible. We are happily together again as man and wife. He fathers his children and loves me. I really love him as never before. When I am sick he prays for me. He cares for me and provides for me. I have no

interest in a career now but gladly go along with my husband. I have finally taken my place in our home under his protection.

All this happened because Jesus called a man to preach the whole truth no matter what it cost. Because he did as he was told and obeyed God's call, our lives and hundreds, maybe thousands of others have been changed. I know Pastor Worley never knew that his obedience to God's call would thrust him into our lives. But he played a major role in saving and restoring the lives of myself, my spouse and our children.

I could have said more about how ugly and hopeless things really got before they became better. However, the main point is that things are all so different now, all because of Jesus! I love the Lord Jesus Christ beyond words to tell it. No matter what happens, I know that God has my life and the lives of all my family under His control and guidance.

*It's different now, since Jesus saved my soul
It's different now, since by His blood I'm whole
Oh, Satan had to flee, when Jesus rescued me,
Now it's different, Oh so different now!*

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My Dad Was a Beast

Woman, 35 Years Old

My mom and dad had a stormy marriage and had separated because of his drinking. They were working in different states. I lived with my grandparents until I was fourteen. Although they were not the kind of people who go around constantly saying, "I love you," while I was with them, I always felt loved and secure.

In spite of this, as I heard the kids at school talking about all the things they did with their parents, I wondered how that would be. Because my grandparents were so elderly, they were unable to get out to events at school.

I often daydreamed about how it would be to live with my own mom and dad. I always yearned to be with my parents although I knew that my father was a heavy drinker.

My parents decided to reconcile their marriage and moved to Michigan where dad quit drinking for about six months. It was then they sent for us and my brothers and I moved. I was overjoyed and so excited for I was sure it would be so great to finally be living with my parents, just like the other kids at school. Alas, this happy idea only lasted about a week.

One night my father came home drunk and began to curse and beat my mother right in front of all of us. We were stunned and terrified because we were accustomed to my quiet and kindly grandfather who never raised his voice. In the years I lived with my grandparents I never once heard them have an argument. I went into shock, horrified as this rage and fighting became an almost nightly performance.

Usually Dad would come in about two or three in the morning and nothing mom could do would soothe him and get him to quiet down and go to sleep. Her efforts only made him more furious and abusive, both verbally and physically.

I can remember lying awake in my bed night after night, trembling so hard that I feared my bed would fall apart. These paralyzing fears built up tensions which produced unbearable backaches.

Pressing a knife to my mother's throat, my father would shout curses and vile, obscene names at her. All the while he assured her that if she moved he would slit her throat from ear to ear. Soon I dreaded going to bed because we never knew for sure when he would be coming home. As soon as he did, the screaming, cursing and fighting would start all over again.

There were times when I would become so paralyzed with fright that I could scarcely breathe. At times like this I also would tremble uncontrollably from head to foot. Living with an alcoholic opens a person to attack by floods of evil spirits. Because I was an extremely vulnerable and impressionable young girl I really picked up my share of them.

I still remember my mom having to go to work with both eyes beaten black and blue and her body covered with bruises. This was the aftermath of brutal beatings given to her by my drunken father. We began to pray fervently that he would not come home just so we could get some sleep. We were afraid to fall asleep for fear he would come in.

When mom knew that he would be on a rampage she would take us kids to a motel if she had the money. Not having a car, we had to walk wherever we went. Many nights we hid out in an all night movie. Sometimes we would go over by a nearby neighbor's house and watch for his car to come in.

After a couple of hours we would try to slip back into the house. Hopefully by that time he had vented his spleen and had passed out in a drunken stupor. Sometimes however, he was quietly lying in wait and when we walked in he would begin to yell and curse us for being out late.

Usually by the time he had lapsed into unconsciousness, it would be time for mom to get ready for work and for me to get ready for school. So many mornings I was numb with exhaustion from stress, tension and a lack of sleep.

I was such a bundle of nerves in school that I could hardly retain anything which was being taught. It was hard to become interested in the subject matter. It seemed like so much fantasy. The horror we lived in at our home had no relationship to the things we were studying.

In spite of all this, during the day I would unwind because I knew that he would not be back until the wee hours of the next morning. Strangely enough, when my dad was sober he was really a nice person. This was totally different from the drunken, raving maniac

who came in each night. I would try to persuade him not to go out drinking that night, but he always went anyway.

Later, he would come in profanely berating me at the top of his lungs for trying to get him to stop drinking. The nightmare would resume and he would call me a whore and a slut. He loudly accused me of going to a whore house. I had no idea what he was talking about for I did not even know what a whore or a slut was.

Being reared by my grandparents, I had never been exposed to the crude and obscene language he was using. I had to ask my mom what these strange words meant. As the weeks went by, the relentless verbal battering took its toll. I felt that I was an absolute nothing. I felt I had no rights to anything, nor did I deserve to have anything.

Terrible enemy spirits entered me, including: Complete Mistrust of all Men, Unworthiness, Self Hatred, Insecurity, Uncontrollable Fears, Anger, Fear and Fear of Men, Destruction, Suicide, Death, Rejection, Condemnation, Seething Anger and Rebellion.

It seemed that the only thing I could think about was how I could successfully end this miserable existence and escape. Certainly I did not want to end up crippled or paralyzed because of an unsuccessful suicide attempt. I hated life and I hated living if I had to go on like this. I surely did not want to end up like my mother, a punching bag for a drunken sot! One night when I came home from a date with a fellow, my dad was waiting for us. He opened the door and knocked my date right off the front porch. Needless to say, I never went out with that guy again. This marked the beginning of the end of my living at home.

I met the man who was to become my husband on a blind date shortly before I moved out of my parent's house. I was now seventeen and things grew steadily worse at home until the night I ran away. I phoned my future husband at work and he came to meet me.

Nine years later we would marry, but this day he was a wonderful help. I needed someone to listen to me and he did.

Although he tried to talk me into going back home, there was no way I would go back there to live.

I found a place to stay in the home of a couple I knew at the church I attended. This did not last long however for the man of the house began to toy with some wrong ideas. Quite understandably his wife was jealous and certainly I was not comfortable with the situation, so I moved out.

This caused the mistrust and hatred of men to get steadily worse. Bruised, abused and torn emotionally, I just wanted someone to love me, no matter what I had to do. Even though I hated men and did not trust them, I still longed their attention.

I hungered for just any kind of security, even if it was false, temporary and lasted for only an evening. Because of this extreme insecurity, I did a lot of running around. I also held quite a number of jobs, but never felt secure in any of them although they were good positions.

Even now, after twenty years of marriage, I still have a lot of trouble sleeping. When I fall asleep, I am restless, often waking up scarcely able to breathe and feeling suffocated. I have to get up and walk around the house for a long time to get my breathing back to normal again. To this very day heated arguments make me extremely nervous. I get hit with the severe back pains and violent tremblings, just as I did when I lived at home. Praying and singing gospel songs helps brings some relief.

Even today knives in my house make me very nervous. When I lived at home we would go through the house trying to hide all the knives so my dad could not kill my mother. The fear and torment of living with a violent drinker is so horrifying that only those who have experienced it can even begin to understand it. My sister and three brothers all have tremendous problems with nervousness due to the fears and continual fighting in the home when we were children.

Soon after the birth of my sister, mom came home from the hospital with the new baby. That same day my dad beat my mother so badly that she was unable to move for the next two days and I had to take care of the baby. Sis was only a few months old when I

finally left home for good. After I left she received the brunt of my father's anger. In the years that followed he brutalized my sister regularly in every way, verbally, emotionally and physically.

My dad was not physically abusive to me and I can recall no incest. However, once when I was receiving deliverance, discernment came to four separate workers, without any consultation, revealing incest spirits. It is quite possible that it had been blocked out of my memory to preserve my sanity.

There are times, even after all these years, that I still have trouble recalling and retaining things. This is a direct result of habitually trying to shut out my dad's yelling by turning off the things that went on around me. I kept thinking, "If I don't hear them, then he won't be able to hurt me, so I just won't listen."

Praise God for deliverance. My abusive, drunken father had crushed and destroyed my personality. It now is being steadily restored and infused with new life as the Lord delivers me. Who I really am is surfacing at last. I picked up so many destructive evil spirits that I still receive more deliverance periodically, even after years at Hegewisch. Each time I get deliverance there is welcome new release in some segment of my life.

Just over a year ago my dad passed away. As I walked into the funeral home I felt that old familiar chill of awful fear. Sharp pains shot up my backbone and the uncontrollable trembling began. These symptoms continued until I actually saw him lying there in the casket.

It was only then I realized that he could never hurt me anymore and all the reactions ceased. How sad that one of the best things my father ever did for me was to die and set me free from the bondage he had imposed on me!

Thank God for deliverance, because I am getting rid of all the garbage that has clogged my life for so many years. Slowly I am beginning to understand where a lot of my current problems originated. I had blacked out and buried so many things. It took deliverance sessions to force them to surface so I could deal with them. There is still a long way to go in some areas, but there has been marvelous freedom gained for me from the alcoholic syndrome!

Bruised and Abused Casualty

Woman, 48 Years Old

Before I became a born again Christian I considered my life as too much, too soon, too young. This would have been a fitting and accurate epitaph! From my sophomore year of high school until I was 33 years old, there were so many negative incidents and elements that I was sure I would die prematurely.

I was reared in Roman Catholicism where alcohol was accepted, in moderation. I can remember seeing beer cans sitting on the nuns' window sills as we walked home from school. Often we also saw beer cans and empty liquor bottles in the garbage can behind the rectory where the priest lived. My own family drank but most of the time it was done in moderation.

I was the oldest in a large family and was almost a model child until I passed my sixteenth birthday. Rejection was already beginning to set in because of the lack of attention shown to the older children. I dreamed of having my own house and family.

Shortly after my graduation from high school I married an ex-Marine who was four years my senior. With him I just knew I would have an ideal marriage. Although he drank, he was working and was established in a good job as a route salesman. In time I felt everything would work out alright, but would shortly discover that this was not to be.

Almost from the beginning it was as if I were being smothered and possessed by him. According to him nothing I did was right. I could have no friends, for he threatened them and was insanely jealous of my family. When he walked through the door he would demand to know exactly what I had been doing all day.

He would then give the house the white glove treatment. If his lunch was not packed the precise way he liked, he would fly into a rage and fling food all over the dining room. Of course I was

expected to clean up the mess he had made.

When I was six months into my first pregnancy he slammed me to the floor and kicked me savagely in the back. At various times he would spit on me and often shoved me roughly out of his way. Once I was strangled with a phone cord and then locked in the bathroom. I was not allowed to come out to feed the baby although he was loudly screaming in the next room.

We lived in a third floor apartment. One day it was 90 degrees outside and even hotter inside. He then forced me to lie in bed, fully dressed, while he covered me with three heavy blankets and forbade me to move. In those days when there was no air conditioning I was not allowed to turn on a small fan we had.

The round of nightly drinking bouts always brought on severe outbursts of both verbal and physical abuse. During five stress filled years in this marriage I left him eight times.

Each time I would return to him after counseling with a priest who assured me that things would get better. They did not, but by this time I had three small children and felt trapped in an impossible situation.

Overwhelmed by the day and night terror in which I lived, it grew more and more difficult for me to cope. Each day about the time I expected him to come home I would tighten up into a bundle of nerves.

In retrospect, I can see that spirits of Masochism in me worked in concert with the Sadism in him, binding both of us. In deliverance we have learned that the Sadism/Masochism combination of spirits is very common, and especially in those who have been in the military services.

Roman Catholicism frowns on divorce for any reason and had instilled in me a deep sense of Condemnation and Guilt. My grandparents observed the torment in my life and finally came to my rescue with an offer of money to get a lawyer.

Always I had dreaded doing anything that drastic because my spouse threatened me with bodily harm and that he would take the

children. Later I learned this is another common ploy of the alcoholic.

Eventually I did go to a lawyer and he told me I was living in a snake pit. When I reviewed the insanity of this marriage I somehow screwed up my courage enough to go through with the divorce. It stiffened my resolve when I remembered that the children needed to be rescued from this insecure and insane environment.

During the pending divorce action, my ex-husband came down with tuberculosis and was sent to the municipal T.B. sanitarium. The children and I were also tested for the disease.

After three or four months passed we went in for another checkup and my chest X-Ray showed a shadow on the lung. Since I had small children the doctors had said that I should enter the sanitarium for a complete rest.

Although there was no infiltration of the lung, without proper treatment I could have gotten worse. Reluctantly I agreed to submit to the doctor's advice. But I was brokenhearted for I knew this meant separation from my kiddos.

I entered the hospital and was released after only a five month stay. Since no one left this facility in less than six months, a five month stay was unheard of in those days.

I was able to visit my children the first month for 24 hours; the second and third months for 36 hours; and the fourth and fifth months for 48 hours. I was very excited when I was released and could be with the children all the time.

While in the hospital my husband was given psychological testing and he was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic. This explained his wild mood swings and explosive rages which were intensified by alcohol.

Two of his doctors told me that I could not live with this man because of the severity of his case. This confirmed what I had already determined to do. I must end this nightmare for me and the children.

Eventually the divorce was finalized and when the reality of it hit my ex-mate he slowly began to pull completely away from all of us. I drifted into drinking myself, without trying to analyze exactly why. It

may have been an attempt to ease the pain of my past and the disastrous union which had just been dissolved.

The alcohol addiction took hold from the latent roots back in my lineage.

My great grandfather was an alcoholic with an Indian ancestry and these combined to produce a very real bondage. My great grandparents went through the Great Depression when thousands lost money, jobs and property. Many became dependent on alcohol because they felt like failures and simply could no longer endure the problems created by the situation.

Some of my relatives invited me to a party where I met a man whom I later married. It was a difficult time of adjustment in the beginning, especially for my husband. Without any time to become used to the idea, he had inherited a ready made family.

They needed his male authority and discipline badly and he did an excellent job with them. Eventually he decided to legally adopt them as his own. Eighteen months later our son was born. Because of the Rh factor, he needed two transfusions after birth.

As he grew older we noticed that his calf muscles were distended and he would run as if in slow motion. Our daughter reported that he often tripped and fell while going to school. His gym teacher also commented that perhaps we should take him to our doctor. The pediatrician seemed to feel there was nothing to be concerned about but all of the symptoms continued.

My cousin is an orthopedic surgeon and, knowing him to be very honest and thorough, we took the boy to him. After only a few minutes he told us it did not look good. My husband and I thought it might mean surgery, but in no way were we prepared for his diagnosis of Muscular Dystrophy.

Subsequent tests at two different hospitals identified the disease as Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy. This is genetic, attacking males, and it causes muscle atrophy because of a missing protein. This was chilling news for it was a terminal illness in which victims died in their teens. The awful shock of this crisis and the brokenness which followed prepared us to receive the message of salvation. God does know how to get your attention!

I became pregnant again and was quite sick in the months that followed. Near the end of my term I was stricken with toxemia and then eclampsia. Doctors told my spouse that if I had not been as young as I was, I would have died. The labor was difficult and complicated, for the baby had been dead for approximately two weeks before she was born.

During this troubled time my husband and I were invited to attend a Bible study. When I first heard the plan of salvation I knew in the depths of my being that this is what I had always hungered for. We were saved within two weeks of each other. God's grace truly ministered to us and gave us a hope that we desperately needed.

The next three months were wonderful for the Lord was so very merciful. Shortly after this we became conscious that there was still something missing in our walk with the Lord but had no idea what it was. We had never heard about spiritual warfare or the demonic realm and were spiritually blind to it.

We had been attending a Bible study headed by a woman teacher. A few months later a friend invited us to the Hegewisch Baptist Church and we were amazed at what we saw and heard. My husband enjoyed every moment of the services but I was somewhat shy, a bit puzzled and full of questions.

It was about this time our teenager nearly lost his life because of becoming involved in some criminal activity. Satan planned to use this to further crush me mentally and physically but the prayer support, counsel and encouragement from other Christians came to my rescue. Thank God for those who care enough to pray!

My own deliverance began rather slowly because of fears and doubts. Also, the ground which had been given to the enemy had to be reclaimed and many curses broken. My mind, which once accepted Satan's lies and deception, had to be renewed if I were to be able to hold my deliverance. This renewal and strengthening came only through the word of God.

The greatest relief my mind felt was when a spirit of Brain Damage (due to alcoholism) manifested. He caused my eyes to flip over backward so that only the whites were visible. Many other evil spirits have left me in subsequent deliverances. I cannot remember

all of the names, but Oh, what a difference it has made in those areas where there has been deliverance!

Over the years I had experienced many severe headaches and there were times when I felt as though my mind was literally splitting (some of this came from spirits of Schizophrenia, Mind Control, Migraine, Unbearable Burdens, Pain, etc.). These symptoms have gone and my mind is so much freer today than I ever thought possible.

This freedom, in many instances, came only because I began to hate **(Psalm 139)** what the demons had done to me and my family. There was no room left for self pity, which had taken its heavy toll on our lives already, working with many Disease spirits, Hypochondria, Infirmary and Affliction.

Truly I can say that I do hate them with a perfect hatred and count them as my enemies. I am looking forward to more complete deliverance for myself and my family. I also long to see hundreds of others who desire release from torment and oppression experience these very wonderful blessings. To God be the glory!

Suicide and Insanity

Man, 46 Years Old

I was born and raised on a farm in Minnesota, the eldest of four children. Today I thank God for my parents. My dad instilled in us the discipline to work and my mother was always there for us in the home. Everyone worked hard and we enjoyed a number of prosperous years.

At the age of sixteen I left home, dropping out of high school. However, unlike many today I was anxious to go to work and support myself. Of course it was not long until I was caught up in the pursuit of fun, which consisted mainly of drinking beer and partying every

weekend. I began to smoke cigarettes, something we had always been taught to avoid.

When I was nineteen the girl I was dating became pregnant, precipitating our marriage. We had three children which was quite a heavy financial burden on us. Against all of my wishes my spouse insisted on working continually. I was getting a lot of overtime plus part time work, yet still we were partying every weekend.

Quite naturally our lives drifted apart leading to a divorce after nine hectic years. Always battling in the physical, we never came to grips with our real problems which were spiritual. No one ever shared with me about Jesus Christ and His love and salvation.

After only six months of marriage I foolishly strayed into a single adulterous incident with a neighbor's wife. This plunged me into months and years of guilt, shame and condemnation. Although I hid it, I had to live with the destructive havoc inside me.

Make no mistake, scripture is correct in pointing out the awful price tag on illicit sex. Though hidden, it plagued my marriage and set the stage for another ongoing two year affair later which really undermined everything.

Three years later, I was a shambles because of alcohol and adultery. My mind was teetering on the brink of suicide. Desperately; I decided to relocate from Illinois to Minnesota, hoping to run from my troubles and bury them in hard work.

Three months later my wife slid into an affair with another man. This destroyed what little was left of our marriage, turning it into a nightmare doomed for destruction. Without any spiritual understanding or anchorage there was no basis for survival. When she asked for a divorce my whole world, already spinning crazily, crashed.

I went on a five week drunk, drinking and sleeping in my car. The depression deepened and indescribable despair gripped me as I sank further into mental agony. Finally I decided to end it all. After swallowing 300 aspirin I went into some vacant buildings and attempted to kill myself with carbon monoxide from my automobile.

Several hours later I woke up. The entire right side of my body, including my mouth and face was paralyzed. Somehow I managed to

slide out of the car and crawled along in convulsions, desperate for water.

I got some from an outside faucet at an apartment building. A friend came and picked me up when I called and I stayed with him for a month. I went up and down until the divorce. Continued drinking brought me to absolute hopelessness which later was diagnosed as a severe manic depressive condition.

Following the divorce I struggled with the extreme depression caused by a broken heart. Separated from my wife and children I just could not get myself pulled together. My parents, sister and brothers did reach out to me and their love and comfort helped me to get back on my feet. I worked hard and set out to make a new life for myself.

I do thank God that, even in my anger and frustrations toward my wife, I never tried to turn the children against her. I visited them each week that I could. The Lord blessed me for that even though I did not know Him. Although I continued trying to drown my sorrows in alcohol, I only got worse. In spite of this my children had respect for me and did not become bitter, but tried to understand.

My father died in 1977, following a heart attack. He was only fifty seven years old and I missed him terribly. It was three weeks before this that a friend shared the plan of salvation with me. I was so desperate to turn my life around but just could not grasp the truth.

There were still six more years of tormented hopelessness ahead of me before I was rescued by receiving Christ Jesus in my heart as savior. During those troubled years the forces of darkness redoubled their efforts to gain complete control over me to complete my disintegration.

I was absolutely sure that I could not live without my wife. This too plunged me even deeper into a hopeless state of mind and more severe depression. Because of this my family talked me into seeking mental health using psychiatrists. The doctors convinced me and all concerned that if I simply took my medication regularly I could live a normal life.

Prior to entering a mental institution I went for a week without sleep. I was so wild they threw me in a padded cell. Round the clock

every four hours four guards would pin me down to give me a shot to knock me out. Awful fears kept me constantly screaming and pounding the walls.

My cell was next to the nurses station and they could get no rest either. They agreed to let me out if I would behave. I was gripped with a horrible fear of what they might do to me. I believe this might have been from the Lord although I did not know Him. Plans were underway to give me shock treatments which would have left me a mindless vegetable.

Alcohol, strong doses of medication and the doctors all teamed up to drive me beyond help. Had they used these shock treatments on me at my lowest ebb, I might never have been able to come back and would have been institutionalized for life. However, I have always been a fighter and I resisted what they were doing to me.

At one point terror came over me and I just wanted to get away from it all. They take away your shoes and clothing when you enter. A guy loaned me a pair of shoes and I hid in the bushes near the front door of the hospital steps for eight hours while the police scoured the area, searching for me. Under cover of darkness I went to different taverns looking for someone I could trust.

Two ex-cons, just out of jail, hid me upstairs in their apartment. I made a call to a trusted friend to come and pick me up at 1:00 a.m. He had to drive around for an hour to lose the cops who were following him, but he took me home with him. Demons utilized the doctors, the police and the entire social system to try to put me away permanently, but the Lord overruled and I was able to escape what the enemy planned.

In 1981 I remarried, this time to a girl ten years my junior. She was twenty-nine and I was her fourth husband. She had borne five children. Her first was born when she was only thirteen and her father forced her to give it up for adoption.

Four others were by her first spouse and one of them lived with us. She came out of a Roman Catholic background and her family looked down on her because of all of the divorces. Understandably, she had much bitterness against all men and me in particular.

I thought we could work out all our problems after we got married but they rapidly became extremely acute. As the awful frustrations once again began to gnaw mercilessly on me, again I turned to liquor and began to drink heavily. When my wife's fierce anger and bitterness rose up, she would hold her breath until she turned blue and passed out.

I asked if she wanted to go to an institution and she told me that I was the one who needed to go. She had convinced everyone we knew, including my own family, that I was the awful villain responsible for all the trouble that she was causing.

To get some rest from her night and day barrage against my senses I did check myself into an institution for ten days just so I could get away from her and think. This time I got a lawyer and filed for a divorce from her. After my eight month marriage was dissolved, again I was assailed with anger, guilt and failure coupled with feelings of total inadequacy.

By this time I had given up all hope of making anything useful out of my life. I drank more and more and took the strong medications prescribed by the doctors, trying vainly to staunch the agonizing pain of my life. However nothing relieved the emptiness and torment of my torn emotions and shattered self confidence.

Occasionally men from the little Baptist church down the street would stop and attempt to show me the plan of salvation. Although I could not believe that God wanted a failure like me in their church, I sensed that these men had something I needed badly.

Finally one Sunday evening, in abject misery and brokenness I looked to the Lord and said, "It seems like everything is so hopeless for me that even the men from the church don't stop any more to see me. If there is something I need to do, please help me to see it." I was forty years old and desperate for something.

I did not know, but God knew that I was finally ready to walk with Jesus by His grace. The very next evening two men from the church came and I invited them in. They opened their Bibles and led me to accept the Lord Jesus as savior. How I do thank the Lord for them. I

learned that they had been praying for my salvation for over two years.

Following this experience I eagerly began to attend services at the Baptist church and plunged in reading my Bible to learn more. I became conscious of the need of healing there, for so many of the people had physical problems. Even the pastor's fifty year old wife was dying of cancer.

I prayed and asked the Lord for the truth. My back needed a healing and I was plagued with kidney problems. I was still taking medication daily for my ulcers and for my mental health. Savage attacks of migraine headaches and severe pains from old injuries gave me many physical problems with which to contend.

I remember that I did not talk very much during this time for my mind was so bound. The glaring exception was my overzealous approach to my family and others about salvation. This put a wall between me and them until deliverance changed all that. I was easily confused by even the simplest questions. The years of upset and heavy doses of medication had taken their toll on my mind.

One evening as I was reading I turned to **John 14:13,14**. There Jesus promised that He will do whatever we ask in His name. **Mark 2:17** also caught my eye. Jesus said that only those that are whole have no need of a physician. I was encouraged and, believing the Word, began to pray fervently for my own healing.

During this time the Lord led me back to some friends whom I had known for years. They attended Hegewisch Baptist Church and invited me to go with them. Previously, I had been warned to stay clear of charismatic churches because they taught some "bad" doctrines. My friend sensed my hesitation and asked if I had a mind of my own. That did it. I was determined to show him that I certainly did.

At this time I was still on 1200 milligrams of Lithium per day to maintain my equilibrium. Although this does not happen to everyone, my medication was totally unnecessary after I attended Hegewisch

one month. No one there gave me medical advice, nor did they urge me to lay it aside. They assured me that when real deliverance came the drugs would no longer do what they had done previously. I would know it then better than anyone else.

That first visit I made to Hegewisch was on a day when considerable deliverance was taking place. When I saw two children among those receiving help, I could no longer doubt that this was genuine and powered by the love of God. Instead of returning home, I stayed over in order to attend both Sunday and Thursday night services. I went forward and received prayer and some healing. This was a confirmation to me that I was supposed to be there.

I had watched with keen interest the genuine love between a pastor and his people. After I attended for a time I found that this love was flowing from the Lord through the pastor. Those who stayed in the church received it and then began in turn to manifest this love themselves.

Being there also created a hunger and desire to know and understand the Word of God. This was another characteristic of the people who were regularly involved in the church. In the weeks and months which followed I received much deliverance and healing. I was also growing and maturing in the Lord, learning to walk with Him daily. Thank God that in these past five years I have not had to take any medication or go to a doctor.

It does take time to restore that fragmented soul however. The physical healings were much easier to obtain than the gradual repairing of my mind and emotions. The soul ties which I had with my two former wives and my children were not all good. Also the Lord restored my broken spirit and mangled emotions with an influx of the love of Christ.

As I learned of the bondage which results from ungodly soul ties and how to deal with them, I moved to sever them. First I had to realize that I did not really know what true love was all about; not until I came into the love of Christ by receiving salvation.

God had me break all transference of evil spirits between me and my wives. This included lust of the flesh and any and all ungodly ties I might have formed, even with my own children. It was then I

received some major healing for my heart which had been broken, and this enabled me to forgive them freely.

For the first time I was able to see my ex-wives through spiritual eyes. God filled that void with the love of Christ and healed hurts left from the marriages and divorces. Now I can look past their sins and see their need of Jesus Christ. I am trusting that the Lord will bring them and my children through whatever trials it will take to change their lives and draw them to salvation.

I am standing fast on the special promise God gave to me concerning my children: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house (**Acts 16:13**).

One of the hardest things for me to do was to truly commit my children and their burdens over to the Lord, but I did. After all, we are told to cast all our cares upon Him because He cares for us. (**1 Peter 5:7**) He has given me complete peace about their lives so I no longer need to fight off the fears with which I once wrestled on their behalf. Why worry when you can pray?

There were financial curses of poverty which had bound me most of my life. There was an inability to give and receive love freely which crippled my marriages. For twenty years I was bound by the endless miseries of a broken heart. This was because of the many ungodly soul ties to my first wife.

I was divorced for sixteen years and it was four more years before I was saved. Even then it was very hard to deal with. It takes time for God to heal us even after we know the truth! This is not because of His reluctance to set us free but it is our own resistance to changing basic attitudes and actions so He can move.

The Lord had to root out my lust with sincere repentance before replacing it with love. God also used the men and women at Hegewisch to minister love and kindness to me, quickening the process of my being made over. At Hegewisch I also learned the biblical teaching about being in debt. God gave me one rule about that: Get out of debt!

As the pastor likes to point out, the book of Proverbs is an excellent guideline to sound financial practices for believers and churches. Obedience in these matters accelerated my walk with the

Lord. I had some bad debts with which I had to deal and get right with my creditors. This led to a restoration of the relationship between us. God says, "I will show thee, O man, what is good and what doth the Lord require of thee." (**Romans 13:8; Micah 6:8**)

In this day of opportunistic and shallow religious leaders it is a joy to find a pastor like Win Worley. Not only is he a man with a vision, but his sacrifice, hard work and consistent, simple Bible preaching have established a unique work. He would be the first to tell you that he is only a man and a servant of the Lord.

Still he has been used of God to inspire not only the congregation of Hegewisch but many hundreds of others. Through his preaching, tapes and books he has raised up an army of men and women who share his vision to smash the enemy and help the Lord's children to victory. Truly we believe the long awaited move of God has begun, calling for a wholesale deliverance of the church from demonic bondage and for sacrificial, dedicated living.

I have much for which to be thankful and God is steadily restoring my soul and giving real direction in my life. I am blessed to be a worker at Hegewisch. Everyone there who so desires may become involved in the activities and outreach of the church. Participation is limited only to what the person desires.

There are jobs everywhere awaiting the right workers. I have the joy of being a worker sharing the deliverance vision of the church to get out the message of deliverance in our generation.

Whether I am in the worship and preaching services; praying for a person for salvation, healing or deliverance; interceding in the closet; or helping in one of the dozens of more mundane jobs around the church, I am involved in the task. At Hegewisch everything is geared toward getting the glad message out that people can be saved, delivered and healed by the wonderful power of Jesus.

Personality Patterns in Adult Children of Alcoholics

Adult children of alcoholics can only guess at what a “normal” life is since they were reared under such chaotic conditions. The home life of such persons has been described as ranging from merely peculiar to insane. Their idea of what constitutes a right form of home life and structure is a mixture of confusion and fantasy.

These persons also have difficulty persevering and finishing what they begin. Probably this is due to the fact that most alcoholic parents cannot or will not assist their offspring in problem solving. Therefore, when a problem is encountered, it is easier to drop it than to work through to find a solution.

Compulsive lying combines with habitual, continual misrepresentation to become a way of life. This is because in their home deceit, lies and denials are standard procedure. Many will tell lies when the truth would be better. Because this was always the way out of problems and was used to excuse shortcomings, it is a hard habit pattern to break.

They judge themselves very harshly. All their lives they were told they were not good enough, were in the way or were the source of problems in the lives of the adults around them. This creates a goal of perfection impossible to reach. Things are usually seen as black or white, with little tolerance either way.

Only with great difficulty will these unfortunates ever be able to relax enough to simply have fun. Tensions under which they were reared allowed little leeway to escape the stress and pressures common to everyday life.

Having recreational fun is often viewed as pure foolishness. Being highly introspective, these persons tend to take themselves very seriously. They have difficulty separating themselves from their work, making them prime candidates for a burnout.

Children of alcoholics experience real difficulty in establishing truly intimate relationships. Because they are without a guide or pattern in their home environment they will feel loved one day and completely abandoned the next.

Their deep seated fear of abandonment lies at the root of a great many arguments and disagreements. This causes so much unreasonableness that it becomes difficult if not impossible to resolve differences.

Overreaction to any changes is also common. This is because as a child he had to take charge of his environment in order to survive. Forced to trust himself more than others, quick changes and relying on another's judgement is upsetting. The fear of losing control is a powerful one.

He is constantly driven to seek approval and there is a need for endless reassurance. This is rooted in conditional love and never being sure of one's day to day standing with the parents. This induces confusion and even makes it very difficult to accept approval and love when it is offered to him.

Because there was no opportunity really to be a child, a conviction grows that they are uniquely different from everyone else. Overshadowed by severe problems at home, it is very difficult for them to believe they will ever really be accepted because of who they are. They are convinced that such acceptance must be earned.

They will be either very responsible or extremely irresponsible. Quitting in disgust or taking on a job all alone are patterns developed in the alcoholic home. When forced to take responsibilities there is usually a tendency to overdo and take on more than can be realistically handled.

Children of alcoholics are often very loyal, even if such loyalty is undeserved. This extreme insecurity and fear in which they were reared can cause them to remain in a situation which should be discarded.

Impulsiveness will cause them to move into a course of action without too much consideration of alternatives or possible consequences. Often this leads to further confusion and a despising of self.

Types of Children of Alcoholics

A number of researchers have come up with very similar categories formed by children of alcoholics. These are the characteristics developed in their battle to survive. These can be helpful, if you keep in mind that the four general groupings are flexible rather than fixed.

The Family Hero is counted on to take over family matters when all others fail. Successful both at home and school, he receives praise for taking care of others. A peer leader, he usually does well in his scholastic and often in athletic efforts.

If entering the helping professions, he will usually rise rapidly in his career. In spite of this he is often troubled with guilt. Accustomed to being in charge he is very uneasy when not in control. Eager striving for success and his attempts to control others around him turns him into a workaholic.

Because of the stress there is a physical toll, making heart attacks and strokes common. When his own children seek to emulate him they are likely to fail and end up snared by alcohol.

Often the **Scapegoat** is a second child, sometimes tagged as the family misfit or maverick. This focuses attention on him and many times he bears the blame for all the family mishaps. Early in life he feels abandoned, hurt and angry. In order to compensate for this he gravitates to his peers and may become a truant and experiment with alcohol and drugs. Either accidentally or on purpose, he is the one most likely to commit suicide.

The Lost Child, The Quiet One or Angel, stays in the background causing no trouble. Spending time in his own room away from the family, he feels terribly unimportant. Confused and fearful,

he retreats into himself to find safety and security. Flat and joyless, he is quiet in school and drops out of sight.

He may draw attention to himself by illnesses such as asthma and allergies. He also can develop sexual identity problems, marrying several times or not at all. Overeating in order to compensate for his inner emptiness is another possibility..

The **Mascot** is tense, anxious and often overactive. His idea of a solution to any explosive situation is to focus attention on himself. Clowning, he uses humor to ease and distract; being a silly adult he keeps his relationships very shallow and flighty. To cope with stress he may resort to tranquilizers, psychiatric illnesses or even suicide.

More About Children of Alcoholics

Those who have made special studies of children of alcoholics have come up with some generalizations which may prove helpful.

These unfortunates tend to feel very isolated and uneasy around other people, especially authority figures. To protect themselves they become people pleasers even though it submerges their own personalities.

Personal criticism is interpreted as a threat. They can become and/or marry an alcoholic or another compulsively driven person such as a workaholic.

Because they have been victimized, they have an overdeveloped sense of responsibility. They feel guilty if they stand up for themselves and refuse to give in to others. They become reactors as they surrender the initiative to others.

Dependent personalities are terrified of being deserted and desperately cling to a relationship. The fear of an emotional abandonment is ever present. They often choose insecure

relationships because these are like the ones they had all their lives at home.

They learn to hide and mask their true feelings in many ways, including impulsive eating. Carried over into adulthood, this conditioning confuses love with pity and leads to attempts to rescue all needy ones. Addiction to excitement in all things keeps their affairs in a state of constant upset, hindering formation of good relationships.

Double Meanings Which Children Receive

“I love you, but don’t bother me.” They grow up equating love with rejection and will gravitate to these unfulfilling relationships in adulthood.

“I’ll be there for you... next time.” Alcoholics demand credit for all of their unfulfilled good intentions, but NOT for the disappointments they cause. Children exposed to this learn not to want or expect things. They even deny needs rather than to admit their needs are not being met.

The child is told to tell the truth IF it is something the parent wants to hear. Truth then becomes merely an ideal and lying is the reality.

Although children are verbally assured that all is well, the atmosphere of an alcoholic home is charged with despair and hopelessness. Growing up, perceptions of reality will be distorted and are often accompanied by feelings of powerlessness. This can bring periodic depression and a lack of trust in his/her own judgment.

Alcoholics exhibit many negative and irresponsible behavior patterns. Others tell the child that he should not be angry with the parent. If they are drunk, then “it isn’t their fault.” Drunkenness is used as a cloak to excuse anything one wants to do!

Summary of the profile of the child of an alcoholic:

They can only guess at what “normal” is. Theirs has been a life of hiding and denying their feelings and they have no true role models.

Although they have ideas, they do not know how to make the steps necessary to implement them. Their conditioning was that it is the good “intentions” that count, not the actual behavior so they have difficulty in finishing anything.

Lying has become an automatic reflex and is done without feeling guilty, for truth has little intrinsic value.

Because they judge themselves harshly, perfectionism dogs their path and nothing they do is ever good enough.

There is great difficulty in realizing or having fun for they never learned to play.

They take themselves too seriously, making life hard and tedious work.

They run into serious difficulties with intimate relationships. The gnawing fear of abandonment inhibits and they do not know how to slowly develop healthy contacts with others.

There is a constant looking to others for approval in all things.

Overreaction to changes over which he/she has no control is rooted in the home. The threats to security, safety or survival experienced there forced him/her always to be subject to the whims of others.

They tend to be super responsible or super irresponsible. They find it difficult to say “No” and often have to become ill in order to break free.

Because of the habit of doing things alone and for self, to survive the chaos of his home, it is difficult to cooperate or work with others.

Because of the loyalty given to an alcoholic parent, devotion is given freely even when such loyalty is undeserved.

They tend to be impulsive, leaping into situations without carefully weighing the alternatives or consequences.

Immediate gratification is sought in preference to delayed rewards. This too was learned as a child. If you wait, you don't get it.

Post Traumatic Stress Disorders

“Our technological society of the 80's has forgotten the deaths of over 50,000 young men:

3600 tons of bone and flesh

154,000 pounds of brain matter

65,000 gallons of blood in Southeast Asia.

But for many who have returned from hostile Vietnam jungles of so many years ago, agonizing memories continue to linger on.” -- Mickey Block

With those more than real statistics in mind, the men of Point Man Ministries have dedicated themselves to the comfort and aid of their brothers in arms.

Point Man Ministries is comprised of Vietnam Veterans from all branches of the Armed Forces. The following material has been reprinted with their permission to help deliverance workers to locate and cast out the demonic nests from Vietnam veterans.

Point Man Ministries provides group and individual counselling, literature and seminars to help veterans.

For more information write or call:

P.O. Box 440, Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043
206-486-5383)

Below is a list of problems which often attack Vietnam and other war Vets:

Persistent Intrusive Thoughts and Flashbacks: the Replaying combat experiences in their minds, searching for alternative outcomes.

Terrifying flashbacks which are triggered by ordinary things such as: helicopters; the odors of urine; diesel fuel; Asian food cooking mold; green tree lines; rainy days; the sound of popcorn popping and the sight of refugees.

Isolation

He has few friends and this tends to isolate families emotionally and sometimes geographically. There are often fantasies about being a hermit and moving away from his problems. He can believe that no one can understand, and that no one would listen, even if he did attempt to talk about his experiences. Isolating himself from his partner, family and others he takes a “leave me alone, I need no one” attitude.

Emotional Numbing

In defense he becomes cold, aloof, uncaring, and detached. He lives in constant fear of “losing control” and fearing that if he does, “I may never stop crying...” Because of a concern about his own anger exploding he will keep an emotional distance from his own children.

Depression

Possessed with a sense of helplessness, worthlessness, and dejection, very low self esteem and insecurity, bring much pain and suffering to him. He does not believe that he deserves to have good feelings. When things are going well he will seem unable to handle it and may appear to be sabotaging every-thing.

Anger

The veteran is periodically seized by quiet, masked rage which is frightening to the victim and to those around him. This rage is sublimated and is often directed against inanimate objects. He is haunted by the inability to handle or identify any specific kinds of frustration which provoke such unexplainable, inappropriate anger.

Substance Abuse

Used primarily to numb the “pain,” the memory and the guilt. The heavy use of alcohol and/or drugs paves the way for paranoid guilt and suicidal feelings and thoughts.

Self destructive behavior is prominent: single car accidents; involvement in hopeless physical fights and becoming compulsive blood donors. There are also many self inflicted injuries to “feel” pain, many “accidents” with power tools.

High Suicide Rate

There is financial suicide, for as soon as things are doing well he will do something to lose it all, or just walk away from it. Plagued with survivor’s guilt, they anxiously inquire, “How is it that I survived when others more worthy than I did not?” Medical personnel are particularly susceptible to this.

Emotional Constriction

When others have died around them, he may not respond to himself, therefore is also unresponsive to others. Unable to express or share feelings, he cannot verbalize his own personal emotions. This effectively blocks achievement of intimacy with family, partners or friends.

Anxiety or Nervousness

Startled responses are characteristic also. He is uncomfortable if other people walk close behind or sit behind him. Conditioned to suspicion, he is unable to trust anyone.

Delayed Stress Reaction

The major responses seen among Point Man Ministries veterans suffering Delayed Stress Reaction to their experiences during and after the Vietnam War are listed below. Remember that Delayed Stress Reaction or Post Traumatic Stress Disorder among the Vietnam veterans is not a mental illness. It is a reaction to the extreme stress they experienced during and after the war in Southeast Asia.

Some major responses have been noted below. For the deliverance worker they will be clues to the demonic strongholds: Depression; Anger; Anxiety; Disturbance of Sleep; Tendency to React under Stress with Survival Tactics; Emotional Numbing; Loss of Interest in Work and Activities; Psychic Numbing; Emotional Constriction;

Survivor Guilt; Hyper Alertness; Avoidance of Any Activities that Arouse Memories of Traumas in War Zone; Suicidal Feelings; Suicidal Thoughts; Fantasies of Retaliation and Destruction; Distrust of Government and All Other Authority; Alienation; Concern with Humanistic Values Overlaid with Hedonism;

Negative Self Image; There is Hyper Sensitivity to Justice; Memory Impairment; Difficulty with All Authority Figures; Emotional Distance from Children, Wife and Others; Problems with all close, Intimate Relationships;

Self Deceiving and Self Punishing Behavior Patterns such as: Inability to Talk about War Experiences; Fear of Losing Others; A Tendency to Fly into Fits of Rage; and Cynicism.

Deliverance Prayers For Alcohol and Drugs

Accepting Christ as savior sets our spirit free from Satan, but we still need his grip broken on our bodies and our souls (mind, will, emotion).

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

“These signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; and they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.”

(Mark 16:15-17)

Three things are necessary to receive deliverance from drug and alcohol addiction spirits:

First, accept Jesus Christ as your personal savior.

Second, repent and confess, not only for your own sins but for those of your ancestors **(I John 1:9; Leviticus 26:40)**

Third, forgive those who have hurt or disappointed you.

Fourth, in the name of Jesus Christ, break all curses on you, including any of the sixty two biblical curses in the name of Jesus

(Cf. p. 56, Annihilating the Hosts of Hell--Book I, by Win Worley)

This will weaken the bondage that allows Satan to maintain a demonic foothold in your life. Even more important is the filling of the Holy Spirit to prevent you from being overpowered by sin.

“But God is faithful; Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it.” (I Corinthians 10:13)

“Submit yourselves unto God, resist the devil and he will flee from you.”

(James 4:7)

“...Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

(Philippians 2:12)

Essentially this salvation (literally *deliverance*) is to be worked out with prayer, fasting, Bible study and direct casting out of demons.

To cast out demons you must be persistent, insisting repeatedly and by name, one at a time, to leave the victim. Order then go to the dry places or wherever Jesus wants them to go and never return to this person. There is no need to shout or scream, for this only creates confusion. Volume does not indicate power. Quiet authority can command them out in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Demons will manifest and come out in numerous ways including coughing, yawning, screaming, moaning, and burping. If they resist coming out, curse them in Jesus name with half life for every minute they remain. If they still resist have the captive reach out in faith, taking authority over the enemies within. Have him repeat after you:

Jesus said.....Those who believe.....in My name they shall cast out demonsI am a believer.....

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.....I command the evil spirits in me.....spirits of {name them}.....

Come out of me now.....and go where Jesus sends you.....Come out now.....{breathe out three or four slow, deep breaths, as hard as you can, and let the spirits go}

The above may need to be repeated a number of times to get reactions and results. Demons get their job done by being determined and stubborn. We must be the same to get them out.

List of Spirits

The following is a list of spirits which have been found in alcoholics and their descendants to the fourth generation (Cf.

Deuteronomy 18:9-12; Exodus 20:13-15). Each of these demons cause or support a particular problem or behavior. There can be a vast number of demons associated with each of the following names. Understand that the list is partial, not exhaustive.

Strongmen

1. (Inherited) alcoholic and addictive patterns
2. (Inherited) alcoholic and addictive personalities
3. Iniquities and whoredoms rooted in sins of the fathers
4. Co-dependency (ruler over non-drinking family members)
5. Drug addiction

Addictive Behavior Demons

Alcoholism -- Addiction to other substances after quitting

Drug addiction -- Alcohol and drugs are the top priority in life

Drug personality -- Compulsion for consumption of drugs and alcohol

Drunkard -- Craving for sweets, sugar and caffeine

Immorality Demons

Abortion -- Debauchery and Seducing spirits

Adultery -- Incest, Fornication, other Lusts, Immorality, Uncleaness

Blasphemy -- Inflamed passions, Ancestral Sins, Profanity, Foul Mouth, Conceived in Drunkenness/Lust, Burning Passions, Degradation, Licentiousness,

Demons Who Hurt Others

Cruelty -- Murder, Rage, Seething Anger, Temper Tantrums, Malice

Destruction -- Verbal and Physical Threatening, Martial Arts,

Explosion -- Retaliation, Verbal abuse

Hatred -- Self-hatred, Violence

Hurting People's Feelings -- Slander, Malice, Gossip

Demons Affecting the Body

Blackouts -- Sleeplessness, Nervous Stomach

Hangovers -- Nervousness, Red eyes, Headaches

Hypoglycemia -- Physical Illness, Infirmary, Poor Eating Habits

Liver disorders -- Nervous breakdown, Cirrhosis Various physical illnesses (including emphysema)

Demons Affecting the Mind

Anxiety -- Fear of Being Rejected, Mental Instability, Paranoia

Blurred Mind -- Fear of Failure, Mind Blanking

Confusion -- Resentment, fear of being Unwanted, Schizophrenia

Controlled by guilt -- Guilt and Insecurity, Guilt Ridden, Self Hatred, Intimidation

Deep Hurt -- Hopelessness, Hatred of Others, Inability to Give or Receive Love Freely

Defeatism -- Impairment of Judgement, Indecision, Shame, Condemnation, Depression, Inability to Communicate, Slow Thinking, Worthlessness, Despair, Sorrow, Emptiness, No Hope, Emotional Illness, Jealousy, Insanity, Madness, Suffering

Emotional torment -- Loneliness, Despair, Hopelessness, Suicide, Death

Failure -- Low Self Esteem, Torment, Fears of all kinds

Demons Affecting the Family

Spiritual Disorder -- Dysfunctional, Destruction of Family Priesthood, Jezebel, Ahab

Family -- Lawlessness, Don't Talk

Religious spirits -- Don't trust, Pharisaism, Legalism, Self Righteousness

Rebellion against God -- Hatred of Responsibility, Don't Feel

Spiritual blindness -- Family Despair

Spiritual deafness -- Family Embarrassment and Hopelessness

Child Abuse -- Hatred of children, Family Shame, Selfishness

Sexual Molestation of Children -- Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Slow destruction of the Alcoholic and the Entire Family,

Demons Who Cause Personality Malfunctions

Lack of personal accountability, Alibis, Distortion, Blame, Losing Jobs, Excuses, Lying, Deception, Denial, Unreliability, Irresponsibility,

Wrong attitudes -- Arrogance, Fantasy, Self Centeredness, Materialism, Atheism, Self Righteousness, Big I, Little You, Selfishness, Spiritual Blindness, I Am Important, You Are Not, Exaggerated Self Importance, Religious spirits, Inappropriate behavior: Hypocrisy, Compulsiveness, Idleness, Foolishness, Poverty mentality, Reckless Driving, Disorderliness, Laziness, Sluggishness, Forgetfulness, Slothfulness, Mischievousness, Wastefulness, Reckless Spending, Perfection

Inappropriate behavior toward others: Ahab & Jezebel (woman dominant/male submissive), Deaf ears (unwilling to hear what others say and need), Biting like a serpent (caustic verbal abuse), All forms of Verbal Abuse,

Controlling others (from parents), Insubordination to Authority, Isolation, Deep insecurity, Disrespectfulness, Jeering & Sneering at Others

Emotional Immaturity, Pouting, Negative Attention Getting, Physical Abuse, Explosive Temper Rejection, Hindered Watchfulness, Put-down of Others, Childishness, Immature Thinking,

Contentiousness, Debilitating Putdown, Infantile Social Behavior

Other Spirits of Alcoholism

Addiction to Sugar; Anger; Bruising; Broken Heart; Bleating; Beer Belly; Blurred Vision; Black-out; Confusion; Craving for Alcohol; Craving for White Sugar; Day After the Night Before; Deception; Dry Heaves; Depression; Diabetes; Dizziness; Dullness of Hearing and Speech; Drained Energy; Dissipation (look of drunkenness);

Escape; False Security; Fogginess; Forgetfulness; Gluttony; Hiccups; Hangover; Insecurity; I Need a Drink; Lost Love; Loneliness; Lying; Low Blood Sugar; Mocking; Nausea; Poverty; Passivity; Party spirits; Rejection; Rage; Sweet Tooth; Self Pity; Stupor; Slurred Speech; Self Destruction; Shakiness-D.T.'s; Suicide; Stupidity; Strong Drink; Vitamin Deficiency; Vodka; Whiskey; Wine.

Spirits that came in from a tavern: Crying in Your Beer; Names of the drinks (Gin, Rum, Boilermaker, Screwdrivers, Beer, Martini, Manhattan, Bloody Mary, etc.); Tavern Music (Country-- Western, melancholy or blues music).

Attack evil spirits lodged in liver, pancreas and taste buds; ie., blood sugar problems, diabetes, cirrhosis, etc. Blood sugar and alcoholism manifest the same symptoms. Liquor goes into the blood stream faster than sugar, but over a long period of time the results are the same.

Spirits of Arrested Development

Workers in California report praying for a 36 year old single woman who lived with her mother. The parent is a very dedicated Christian who works in deliverance. The daughter had been taken by her father and subjected to a bizarre ritual of dedication to Satan.

Although he was a highly successful professional man he had become heavily involved with this very demonic cult. Among other things, the ceremony involved placing the child in a coffin (**Isaiah**

54:13; 2 Timothy 3:14-17). This would have affected her for life had it not been for deliverance.

Numerous demons had been given legal rights to enter the child because of her father's consent to the acts. The ruling spirit who finally emerged was Arrested Development. He was a powerful prince with a great deal of authority over specific areas of her life. Lodged in her mind, he directed the activities of many wicked spirits functioning under his control.

It took many weeks and repeated sessions of deliverance battle before Arrested Development was stripped of his support demons and left standing alone. To finish him off and kick him out took a grueling six hour session.

The last thirty minutes of the session he grew flustered. Although he knew he was defeated and could not stay, he still stalled for more time. He claimed he had been in charge of her from conception until age thirteen. When she was ten, a spirit of homosexuality entered her.

He bragged about influencing girls in their thinking about the homosexual area and how they should dress. He pushes them to dress mannishly or sloppily to move them closer to lesbianism and overt acts of homosexuality.

This demon arranges for girls under thirteen to be molested. This opens the way for the entrance of Incest, Rape and other evil spirits. He also interferes with all development beyond age thirteen.

When attending the university, a professor remarked that this young lady was nineteen, going on thirteen! The wicked spirit further stated that he can make females think they are back in the womb. He also attempts to cut off or interfere with the pregnancies, choking off the breath. Such attacks sometimes come while the target is sleeping. Many are highly susceptible to these kinds of problems.

This spirit entity leads victims to regress and think as a child in order to open the way for heavy demonization. To progress past thirteen is difficult and almost impossible when handicapped by this spirit and his workers.

Thirteen year old females are too young to date, hold a job or marry. When they secure a position this teen age syndrome keeps

recurring, convincing them that they are not qualified to handle a job. All kinds of continual harassment pressure them to quit or get fired.

Arrested development does not stop the learning process but it interferes with and confuses it. This young lady was working on her Masters Degree at the time of the deliverance. Each time she wants to progress and go forward the enemy presses her to react abnormally to trigger a series of contrary things.

For example, during an interview spirits would manipulate her mind producing the reactions of a two year old. She might break down and weep or begin to say, "I don't know if I could do this job." This sort of thing had ruined interviews or being accepted for a school, etc. This resulted in much humiliation, embarrassment and humiliation.

Even her complexion and skinny and underdeveloped figure was that of a thirteen year old. Arrested Development caused her to dwell upon these childish things and she was harassed with these preoccupations.

One spirit called Under Thirteen reinforces sloppiness and the inability to hold a job, date or get married. The spirit makes the victim wait forever. Mental blockage and mind set is that of an immature teenager. He also drives the person relentlessly toward drugs to induce stupor and excess sleep.

Although the person may be an adult chronologically, there will be extreme depression and complete withdrawal response resembling a small child. It was found helpful to ask the Lord to send in angels to loose the spirit's grip on the mind. We also confessed and asked forgiveness for the sin of parental failure to properly discipline, sparing the rod of correction.

There was a multitude of evil spirits who named themselves and left. Below is a partial list of those discovered and cast out in Jesus' name:

Pamper me; Having My Own Way; Spoiled; Grandpa and Grandma's Little Girl; Daddy's Little Girl; No discipline; Control Parent by Manipulation; Lying; Three Year Old; Coloring the Truth; Getting What I Want Regardless of Cost; Playing on People's

Sympathy; Want to Return to Womb; Irresponsible; Tantrums; Childish Self Will; Crying; Kicking; Screaming; Ugliness; Scrawniness; No Shape; Skin Disorders; I Hate My Body; Unable to Date; Cannot Find a Date; Can't Marry; Dodging Responsibility; Too Young to Work; Too Young to have Children; Too Young to Baby Sit;

Lesbian spirits; Abnormal Childhood; Abnormal Adolescence; Abnormal Sensitivity; Abused Child; Addiction to Junk Food; Sexual Impurity; Adultery; Ahab; Jezebel; Anger; Depression; Anti discipline; Anti Family; Separation from Family; Inferiority Complex; Apprehension; Argument;

Bad Habits; Addiction to Chocolate; Addiction to Sugar; Addiction to Pop, Candy; Bedwetting; Compulsion; Knuckle Cracking; Nose Picking; Thumb Sucking; Bitterness; Resentment; Unforgiveness of Mother, Father, Brothers, Sister, etc;

Blockages in Family Relationships, Feelings, Growth, Maturity, Normal Family, Normal Ministry, Normal Life, Personality, Responsibility; Bondage; Careless Indifference; Abuse by Father; Child Molestation; Child Condemnation;

Childish Gossip; Childish Greediness; Childish Parental Arguments; Threatening Parents and Children; Competition, Compromise; Confusion; Contention; Control; Life Patterns Control; Contrariness; Criticism; Criticized Childhood; Cursing

Daydreaming; Daydreamer; Childish Dreams; Demanding; Depression; Disagreeable; Discord; Discontentment; Discouraged Life; Disputing; Disgusted; Disrespect for Church, Mother, Father, Elders; Disobedience to Parents; Disunity; Divorce; Domineering Mother/Father; Doom;

Escape from Reality; Fantasy; False Accusations; False Compassion for Mother/Father, etc.; False Friends; Guilt; Family Accuser; Family Destruction; Family Disunity; Family Rejection by Mother/Father; Family Separation; Fantasy Baby; Fantasy Childhood; Personality spirits of Dad/family; Fantasy Parents, Grandparents; Fantasy Play Time; Fantasy Personality; Fears; Fault Finding; Fear of Losing Mother/Father/ Relatives/Friends/Family;

Fear of Rejection; Fear of Financial Failure; Bankruptcy; Block Finances; Hard Times; Poverty; Role Playing; Fornication; Frustration; Shame; Hatred for: Authority/Proper Food/Mother/Father/Grandparents/Friends;

Heavy Pressure; Hopelessness; Temper; Hurt Feelings; Hyperactivity; Idle Pouting; Idol Worship; Immature Adolescent Mind/Decision Making; Demanding Family Relationships; Immature Self Discipline; Waiting; Jealousy; Job; Lack of Appreciation;

Misunderstanding; Lack of Will Power; Laziness; Leader of the Home; Child Dominance; Learning Difficulties; Loneliness; Lonely Childhood; Lost Interest; Lost Communication; Lost Family; Lying; Malnutrition; Mental Disorder;

Messiness; Mind Confusion; Mind Control; Insanity; Schizophrenia; Morning Moods; Nasty Mouth; Negative Approach; Negative Attitude; Anxiety; Bad Nerves; Oppression; Nervousness; Heavy Oppression; Nervous Stomach; Nervous Breakdown;

Nicotine; Controlled Sleep Pattern; Night Time Fears; Forbidden Sleep;

Insomnia; Overtired; Recurring Dreams; Restless Nights; Pressure Sleep; Tormented Dreams; Over Protected; Parental Correction; Planned Disobedience; Perseverance; Procrastination; Quitter; Rebellion; Prenatal Rejection; Rejection from Workers/Employers; Restless Spirits; Revenge; Rushed Childhood; Sadness at Meal Time; Self Condemnation; Oversensitive; Slothful; Solitude; Grief; Suicide; Tattletale; Timid; Tormented Childhood; Unclean;

Shallow Mind; Ungodly Disciple; Ungrateful; Unlearned Behavior; Unstable Adult; Vain Babbling; Violence; Worry; Wasted Childhood; Addiction to Food; Gluttony; Fatness; Weight Loss; Anorexia Nervosa; Bulimia; Loss of Appetite; Starvation; Withdrawal; Wounded Spirit; Disunity; Failure;

Hate; Miscommunication; Lack of Communication; False Feelings; False Friendship; Satanic Discipline; Deliverance Block; Freedom Block; Fear of Animals/Dark; Bad Luck;

Block Financial Blessings; Block Budget; Covetousness; Discouraged Worker; Fear of Giving; Fear of Future; Financial Ruin;

Greed; Hardship; Losing Job; Over Generosity; Overspending; Foolish Spending; Theft.

Arrested Development-Perpetual Babyhood

MAN, 34 Years Old

The devil fragments, tears and binds your soul with ungodly soul ties. There is also another hidden line of attack. He works to arrest the development of your soul (mind, will, emotions) so that you will remain in a little girl or little boy stage.

Although normally the growth of mind, will and emotions will be paced to physical development, it can also be slowed down or stopped at a certain age. My own emotions ceased to develop properly when I was only five. This was the result of my realization of how completely my father was rejecting me.

It is possible for growth to be arrested in one area and not in another. Physically, it seems that evil spirits often work through affecting the pituitary gland and growth hormones. There are demons called Stunted Growth and Midget which are particularly stubborn and difficult to remove.

Because of its critical nature, the pituitary gland seems to be a favorite target for demonic activity. Spirits of Arrested Development may cause one to have or to keep a very youthful appearance even when normal aging should take place.

Our youth crazed society drives people to seek to look young at all costs. There is another spirit called Premature Aging which has the opposite effect as his name indicates. Those with this spirit look much older than their years.

Other things pave the way for entrance of the arrested development spirits. Some of these are: Severe Trauma; Abuse;

Incest; Molestation; Loneliness; Fear; Severe Rejection; Rebellion and Lack of Discipline.

Control spirits operating through the parents can hinder a child's normal growth and maturity if they determine not to allow him to grow up. Sometimes fears that the child will make a mistake can make them overprotective.

Others feel that their own age will be exposed when the child matures. Arrested development promotes the stupid philosophy and vanity that somehow it is wrong to feel our chronological age. It would seem that growing old gracefully is strictly a thing of the past. Like modesty, though old fashioned and rare, aging gracefully is still very attractive.

Lack of proper, consistent and balanced scriptural discipline can also be a door through which Arrested Development enters our lives. False love will block the adult from his/her responsibility to be an adult and rear the child. Children do not need a "buddy," they need a mature and loving parent.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child but the rod of correction will drive it far from him." (**Proverbs 22:15**)

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes or early." (**Proverbs 13:24**)

Human emotions are a primary focus of attack. When spirits manifest they can produce childishness and immaturity. Childish attributes include: Strong Willed; Defiance; Rebellion; Temper Tantrums; Always Wanting His Own Way; Childish Self-Will; Irresponsibility; Fearful; Jealous; Foolishness (**Proverbs 22:15**); Instability (be no more children, tossed to and fro--**Ephesians 4:14**); Overly Dependent; Continual Need for Instruction (Train up a child in the way he should go--**Proverbs 22:6**);

You should be teachers and still need to be taught the first principles of the Bible, needing milk, not meat, an unskillful babe--(**Hebrews 5:12-14; 6:1,2**); Shortsightedness is another which is detrimental to an adult who is attempting to make long range decisions for family or church.

Immaturity (When I was child, spoke and thought as a child; when a man, put away childish things--(**I Corinthians 13:11**). **I Corinthians 13** presents a cross section of arrested development and contrasts it with how we should be. Charity or love in action is synonymous with maturity.

It is interesting to note that Paul is correcting the Corinthian church in an effort to bring order out of the chaos caused by the runaway abuse of spiritual gifts. In **I Corinthians 13:20** he urges them to be childlike in malice and adults in understanding.

I Corinthians 13:1 exhorts them not to be ignorant and then explains how the gifts should operate. This chapter also proves that the mere possession of gifts does not make one spiritual or mature. There must be more than the simple manifestation of gifts to demonstrate spiritual maturity.

There is an exhortation in Hebrews to move on in Christ and leave the elementary principles behind as maturity is attained. **Hebrews 6** points out our deep need for such growth. **Verse 9** discusses greater things which come as one builds on the foundation of salvation. Spirits of Arrested Development hinder people from understanding eternal salvation and will help to create a terrible fear of losing it.

A study of scripture reveals an exhortation running through the entire New Testament to grow up into "perfection," literally, maturity. The apostle John made a distinction between little children, young men and fathers.

Little children need continual reassurance that their sins had been forgiven (salvation). Young Men, who are more mature, have overcome the Wicked One. Unless we are engaging the enemy in successful warfare we are not operating in this second level of growth.

John speaks of fathers who know God. Grounded in basic doctrine, they have developed strength by winning victory over the enemy. This produces a deep, abiding fellowship with God.

John clearly stresses the difference between little children and young men. Nevertheless, the apostle continues to teach them about

the Antichrist; confidence; how to guard against deception and how to love their fellow believers.

An extreme Fear of Being Deceived is another very common manifestation of Arrested Development and will cause a hesitancy in trying to walk in the Spirit. Confidence in his walk with the Lord will enable a young man to respect the power of the enemy but not walk in fear or terror.

Arrested Development spirits cloud thinking and produce childish understanding and perception of situations and circumstances. Children must learn the consequences of their actions and learn to shoulder responsibilities for their own actions. This is true in physical relationships and also in the spiritual realm.

A case of parental interference occurred when Rebecca conspired with her son to deceive her husband. Then she tried to shield him from the consequences of his actions by sending him to her brother Laban. Her punishment was to never see her beloved son again. Later the Lord had to bring him to a surrender to God (**Genesis 27**).

Solomon said that he was but a child and needed an understanding heart to judge God's people. He asked the Lord for the ability to discern between good and evil. (**I Kings 3:6-12**)

This must be the plea of every sincere soul who is struggling against the bondage of arrested development. People who are handicapped by this are acutely aware of it just as Solomon was.

One of my fervent personal prayers for years was for help to go through the maturation process. The Lord answered by delivering me from a multitude of alcoholic spirits. They had to be forced out before I could honestly face and accept my own immaturity.

After deliverance in this area the Lord kicked me out of the nest in a sense. (**Deuteronomy 32:11**) I was forced into situations in which I had no choice but to grow up. At this point God revealed the spirits of arrested development. Deliverance continued leading me down many strange trails. It was not pleasant and I learned all about growing pains!

Be sure that you mean business when you ask the Lord to mature you. The process of learning to fly as a young eagle can be frightening, tiring and painful. However it is absolutely necessary if you are going to become a soaring eagle for God.

Finances was an area of crippling bondage for me. I simply could not lay aside provisions for the future. It was as if I had a hole in my pocket and lived only for the current day. Paradoxically I was also bound by a deep seated fear of making money.

Demons convinced me that this would draw me away from the Lord. Before my deliverance it would have done exactly that. I first had to be set free from wicked spirits which caused me to handle money as a child would. A mature adult understands enough about the use of money that he does not devote himself to the collection of "toys." Unfortunately many do not quit playing games, they merely buy more expensive toys.

In **I Samuel 18** Saul betrayed arrested development by his attitude toward David when people were singing the praises of the shepherd boy. Seething Anger, Karate, Murder, Childishness, Competitiveness and Cruelty are some of the spirits which manifested in King Saul.

We have uncovered spirits embedded and hidden in the emotions who began interference with development in their prey as early as the age of two. Spirits working in the will to stop growth and control came in at the age of six or seven.

For years we have known that the spirit called Childish Self Will sits blocking the gate of maturity. Refusal to Grow Up, Rebellion, Stubbornness and Pouting are some of the spirits found working under the spirit of Arrested Will.

King Ahab threw a pouting fit when he failed to get what he wanted (**I Kings 21:1-16**). Thus he used a childish means of control with Queen Jezebel to manipulate her into seizing the vineyard he coveted. He was the king and could have easily ordered Naboth's execution and seized his property.

Instead he showed his slothfulness and "get this for me, Mommy," attitude. Pouting spirits in children should be dealt with

quickly because they open the door for more dangerous demons to enter.

On the other hand, there are control spirits which steal away men's masculinity or keep them in a little boy state. This will block them from becoming the protectors and leaders of the family, church and the nation which God designed them to be.

Arrested development of the mind results from the use of drugs and/or alcohol. E.K.G. readings taken after the use of marijuana show brain waves typical of a twelve year old child. Continual, habitual use of various drugs can drop the readings even lower.

Samson demonstrated his immaturity by refusing godly counsel from his parents. Spirits of the Brute (unteachable), Unreproveable, Wanted His Own Way, and Lust were all held in place by Arrested Development. They very obviously manifested in his life.

Paul solemnly warned Timothy to flee his youthful lusts (**2 Timothy 2:22**). Arrested development leads to extremely undisciplined lives. This gives grounds to Bad Habits, various Lust spirits, No Self Control, Impatience, Short Attention Span and an Inability to Communicate on a Mature Level to operate.

One of my greatest pleasures today is the ability to communicate with my wife. This is the direct result of being freed from demonic bondage. I no longer react childishly to her comments, nor am I constantly driven to have the last word! Previously it was impossible and out of the question for us to talk and interact as mature individuals because of my dreadful bondage.

The demonic family operating under Arrested Development seems to have been at the root of many of the problems which had fettered and driven me for so many years. These included Anger, Rebellion, Bad Habits, etc.

Dealing with this group of demons first made freedom come much easier in other areas. If there is difficulty in casting out demons of a particular area, it might be well to check on Arrested Development. He may well be the hidden power clogging up the deliverance process.

The roots of Arrested Development produce some other poisonous fruits. Look for: Gossip (lack of self control); Malice (active

intent to harm others); Foolishness (bound up in the heart of a child); Immaturity; Instability (tossed to and fro **Ephesians 4:14**); Bad Habits; Fear (this a major spirit). Many spirits of Fear left both me and my wife as the power of arrested development was broken.

These were spirits which had stubbornly resisted being cast out even after years of spiritual battle. Others were Intolerance and Little Boy and Little Girl spirits (marked by facial appearance and voice tones); attributes of Selfishness; Wanting to Play all the time; Avoidance of People of the Same Age; Jealousy, Competition for Love and Competition for Position.

There are several other biblical examples in the New Testament parables which illustrate the principles driving arrested development. The man who built his house on the sand is an example of Shortsightedness (**Matthew 7:26**).

The five virgins in **Matthew 25:1-13** made no provisions for the future. This speaks of living for today and with little or no financial responsibility and planning for future needs. The parable of the talents in **Matthew 25:14** reflect Fear of Punishment, Immature Reaction with Investing, Fears and Foolishness.

Arrested development can manifest in women and cause them to dress inappropriately for their age. Dressing too young and extremes in makeup and hair styles can make them look ridiculous. Sometimes it seems that the older the woman, the more she paints. Her paint and dyes are more appropriate for a clown. They actually make her look older, emphasize rather than to mask her age.

Women are also driven to look to their husbands to provide paternal needs which have not been met during their childhoods by their fathers. This will create an ungodly male\female relationship. This will hinder or prevent the women from ever attaining the godly attributes listed in **Proverbs 31**.

One woman with whom we prayed had a tubal ligation to prevent conception of children. She wanted to have all of her husband's love, the love which she failed to receive from her father. Think of all the blessings which this family will never receive. Other spirits operating

in these women are Passivity, Clinging, and Over Dependent Personality.

Having so many of this vicious and powerful family of spirits cast out has brought me tremendous blessing and spiritual advance. Deliverance becomes sweeter and more effective every year that goes by. My family and I are so thankful for the bread for the children (casting out evil spirits). Daily we thank the Lord Jesus for this marvelous provision for us and the continuous work he is doing in us.

Dyslexia and Related Learning Disabilities

by Sharon Mulkey

Our son was conceived, born and reared with the wonderful knowledge of deliverance. However we noticed at age six he was reversing letters such as P, B, D, etc., and numbers such as 7 and 3.

I had heard about a neurological problem called dyslexia which caused this and many other symptoms. These include decreased short term memory; confusion; inability to concentrate; poor memory retention; “spaciness”; and inability to follow two and three step instructions. He also had processing difficulties, ie., what went in did not come out the same. This was coupled with poor coordination and balance. We explained to him what was going on. Then each day before school he learned to join us in binding the spirits who were at the root of these wrong reactions. Slowly but surely over the next six months we began to see definite changes and improvements in both his reading and writing.

He became an “A” student without difficulty. Because he actively took part in the binding operation he learned of his power over the enemy. He also came to understand in a practical way how much

Jesus cares for him and his problems. At age eleven he no longer has any problems in these areas. Praise the Lord!

We have since learned that inner ear infections can cause much damage to the vestibular. The cerebellar nerve is also involved and is the pathway of all stimuli from the ear to the brain.

Recent medical research has shown that even having tubes placed in the ears usually damage these nerves. Once more we are destroyed by our lack of knowledge but the Lord Jesus is more than able to heal and restore. He has done it for our son and more recently for our six year old daughter.

Rampant use of drugs (ie., alcohol, hard line, prescription) and fast food nutrition have put problems on many of today's children. They enter life invisibly handicapped in their nervous systems. Consequently they are drugged with Ritalin to counteract hyperactivity or may be classed inappropriately as being slow and stupid, exhibiting an attention deficient syndrome.

It is little wonder that Satan so savagely attacks the children. In any and all ways he attempts to hinder and destroy them, battling to prevent their coming to Christ. **(Mark 16:13-16)**

Children are God's gift from the beginning:

(1) "And he lifted up his eyes and saw the woman and the children and said, who are those with thee? And he said, he children which God has graciously given thy servant." **(Genesis 33:5)**

(2) God's heritage **(Psalm 127:3-5)**.

(3) Crown of age **(Proverbs 17:6)**.

(4) They are eligible for all God's promises **(Acts 2:39)**.

(5) They can understand the scriptures **(2 Timothy 3:15)**. Because God has given us the tools, it is our duty as parents to use them to help reclaim our children for Him.

Freed From Dyslexia

Woman, 40 Years Old

My nephew had problems in school for years and was finally diagnosed as being dyslexic. After this happened I remembered how difficult my own school years were. My sister said that dyslexia runs in families and my mother remarked that she thought it was a family line curse.

I checked on the symptoms in some library books. How shocking to discover what sounded like detailed descriptions of me there! Dyslexia is a learning disability believed to be caused by an inner ear disturbance or minimal brain dysfunction.

Boys seem to be affected more than girls. As a general rule, females will either be mildly or very severely affected. Males on the other hand, commonly run the gamut from mild to very severe symptoms. It produces difficulty in reading, writing and spelling although it will manifest differently in each individual. Victims will do well and succeed in some endeavors but will have problems in other areas.

It really helped me to learn that these people are not stupid, but are of average or above average intelligence. Deep in my heart I had always felt that there was no hope for me. I was just too stupid to learn anything. I would learn something but could not retain it because of a faulty memory. I was never very good at communication with other people. Although I would have things to say, I would be unable to remember them. This was terribly embarrassing and I decided that I simply did not know how to talk to others.

When I came for deliverance prayer from this spirit, a huge monster erupted from deep within me. I had the most violent and heavy deliverance I ever got in the many years I have received prayer. Wrapped up in it were all of the feelings of utter inadequacy and the conviction that I would never be able to do anything right.

Arrested Development spirits were also working with Dyslexia to handicap my life. Following deliverance from Dyslexic spirits including Self-hopeless, for the first time I was able to feel good about myself. I also could communicate my thoughts to other people. It is really a lot of fun getting acquainted with folk after all these years.

The reference books also states that allergies sometimes play a part in dyslexia. Sure enough, I had powerful Allergy spirits also. Agoraphobia (fear of everything) was mentioned too and I do remember that had always had haunting fears of facing the outside world. Out there was a hostile environment filled with nameless terrors and torment. Scripture declares "fear hath torment."

I had always let my husband do all my thinking for me. Because he was not saved he exercised a very destructive control spirit over me and I never questioned nor resisted it. After all, I felt incapable of reasoning and thinking for myself. This will cause a person to become dependent and totally subservient. Poor balance is another symptom of dyslexia. Since I was child I always felt clumsy and awkward and would never wear high heels for fear of tripping. Fears related to directional uncertainties are also common symptoms of dyslexia. Friends used to laughingly remark that I would get lost walking out my front door. I had an overwhelming fear of getting lost and not knowing where to go for I had no sense of direction.

I was a terrible speller. I learned that dyslexia can produce "mirror vision," causing reversal or skipping of words or letters such as B's, D's, J's, P's, R's, and S's. Sometimes colors are reversed. To me, purple is orange and orange is purple. Other symptoms include difficulty of distinguishing between right and left. All of this leads to a lot of confusion, frustration, failure, low self-esteem, poor visual perception and memory for words. There is a dreadful feeling of being ugly because you see yourself in a distorted way. Inferiority, social withdrawal, shyness and inadequacy are constant companions.

Dyslexia manifests itself in hundreds of ways. There can be problems with the sense of timing which causes difficulty in learning to tell time or to have a sense of time. There may be no concept of

time, causing one to be constantly late or very early. Toilet training and bed wetting problems also can also be rooted in the dyslexic syndrome.

Because of my recent divorce I am having to make a new life for me and my family. It seems that each week there is an entire set of new problems. The Lord has opened doors for me to return to school for training in the fall. Coping with all of this would have been absolutely impossible before deliverance. Because of my deliverances I have hope and can work out my problems, depending on the Lord Jesus.

Deliverance from Dyslexia

Recently a married couple visited the Hegewisch church and were sharing with me about her deliverance from Dyslexia spirits. She had always had great difficulty in reading. In research she discovered she had all the symptoms of Dyslexia and determined to see if she could be cured by deliverance.

There were heavy manifestations as the spirit named Dyslexia and its family of demons were attacked in a deliverance session. After this session there were miraculous changes regarding reading.

Suddenly she could read without all of the drudgery and reversed and misplaced letters and words which had always plagued her. Her hunger for the Word and spiritual knowledge took her into a solid year of almost continual reading. She devoured the Bible several times and also other Christian literature, especially on deliverance.

It was the greatest healing and blessing she could remember since the new birth and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Keep in mind that long ago we discovered the tie-in with learning problems with the operations of Leviathan.

Editors Note: The Articles on Arrested Development and Dyslexia have been included in the Alcoholic/Drug Syndrome book because these have been often connected with the

Syndrome and it would be a profitable area to pursue when working on deliverance from alcohol and drugs.

Preparations to Receive Deliverance

One of the best preparations you can make before receiving deliverance is to read carefully the books and booklets in the Hosts of Hell series written by Pastor Win Worley. This will save a great deal of explanation and time, for the methods and approaches used in deliverance are described in great detail in the books. Fasting one or more days, coupled with intense Bible study and personal prayer immediately preceding a deliverance session has also proved to be a valuable aid. Those who have followed the preliminary steps of renunciation prayers, etc., outlined in the books are ready to move directly into deliverance. We would recommend for those new to the deliverance ministry to read and study booklets “Warfare Prayers (#4), Binding & Loosing/Curses and Soul Ties (#5), Invading Enemy Territory (#6), Inviting Demonic Attack (#8), Holding Your Deliverance (#9), Getting Started in Deliverance (#11), God’s Plan for Leadership (#14), Demonic Deceptions (#15), How Demons Operate (#16), The Curse of Jezebel (#17), The Satanic Cosmos (#18), Sins of the Fathers (#24), and The Fragmented Soul (#26).”

Further information concerning the deliverance ministry and where to receive deliverance can be found at:

Hegewisch Church Web Site: www.hbcdelivers.org
WRW Publications is a separate entity from HBC

www.wrwpublications.com

John 9:4 *I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.*

WRW, PO BOX 9309, Highland, IN 46322

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God Wants You to Know That...

1. You are a sinner and cannot save yourself.

“For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” (Romans 3:23)

2. Acceptance or refusal determines your destiny.

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3:36)

“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.” (Hebrews 2:3)

3. You must repent of your sins, confess them and forsake them.

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” (1 John 1:9)

“Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them {his sins} shall obtain mercy.” (Proverbs 28:13)

4. Jesus Christ has already provided the way of salvation.

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16)

“For Christ also hath once suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” (1 Peter 3:18)

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